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THE  
MONTHLY VISITOR.

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FEBRUARY, 1803.

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SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. ROBINSON,

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EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

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IN the course of our biographical career, we have had frequent occasion to remark, that talents, however extraordinary, and beauty, however fascinating, ensure not the possession of felicity. An examination of the annals of literature, and a survey of the fashionable world, will serve to confirm the fact. It is not indeed our present province to trace this evil to its source—we merely call the attention of our readers to the circumstance; and we are now about to bring forward an additional proof of its truth. The subject of our memoir is well known for her abilities, her charms, and her misfortunes: they have been detailed to the world—they have been made the subject of poetry—they have been held up to the notice,

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and will attract the admiration of posterity. In the 15th volume of our miscellany will be found three different extracts from the *Life* of this celebrated lady, written by herself, which must be deemed highly interesting : but we mean to give a *regular* and *continued* account of this extraordinary woman on the present occasion.

Mrs. ROBINSON's maiden name was *Darby*, and her father was originally a merchant at Bristol ; but being unsuccessful in his commercial affairs, he went abroad, and finally died an officer in the Russian navy. She was born at College - green, near the cathedral, Bristol, where she passed the earlier part of her life. As it was her honor to be descended, on her mother's side, from the illustrious John Locke, so it was her happiness to be educated under Hannah More, whose writings are not only greatly admired, but happily calculated to promote the cause of virtue and religion in the world.

At the age of *fifteen* Mrs. R. was married to a Mr. Robinson, brother of Commodore Robinson, lately in the service of the East India Company. This young man was serving his clerkship to an attorney in the metropolis.—How or after what manner he became acquainted with her, we are not particularly informed ; but he was violently enamoured of her, and a match soon took place—too soon indeed for their mutual felicity : so young and gay a couple, with little or no fortune, it must be expected, could not be long happy. The embarrassed state of his finances threw him into a

prison, where for fifteen long months she attended him with a commendable fidelity. The hopes of distinction with which he had flattered her on their union, were vanished ! Precipitated from the circles of high life into the dreary apartments of a prison, how painful must it have been to her feelings—how wounding to her sensibility !

At this period of her life it was that she began to write for the public. Patronised by no less a personage than the Duchess of Devonshire, a volume of poems was meditated, and even published ; but as this production was chiefly designed to relieve the exigencies of their situation, it seems to have been confined to the patronage it had received : few copies were printed, and those circulated were principally at the west end of the town, by which means handsome presents were obtained.

The relief procured by this expedient appears to have been little more than of a temporary kind ; Mrs. R. therefore turned her thoughts to the stage, deeming it a more permanent source of emolument. Her friends soon introduced her to Drury-lane theatre, where she was received with an uncommon degree of applause : her characters were *Lady Macbeth*, *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Rosalind*, *Imogen*, *Viola*, *Palmyra*, *Octavia*, *Statia*, and *Perdita*. In the last character she attracted the notice of the heir apparent to the throne. With him she lived about two years. This illicit, and of course highly improper connection, laid the foundation for bitter repentance. Upon no account can it be

justified—it merits and receives our reprobation: for though it appears that her husband had not only used her extremely ill, but even deserted her, yet character is sacred, and once lost, cannot be recovered—it is a jewel of inestimable value; the gems of Golconda are less than the dust of the balance compared to the character reared on the basis of a virtuous integrity!

The prince settled 500l. per annum on Mrs. R. and 200l. on her daughter, to be paid her on the death of her mother. She had a large stock of jewels, amounting to near 8000l.—Add to this the pecuniary advantages derived from her literary labours, and she must have possessed an income adequate to a genteel competency. Her mind was of a very superior cast—prose and poetry she wrote in a manner of which the common herd of writers have no conception. In the *Haunted Beach*, where a shipwrecked sailor is murdered by a fisherman, how impressive is the following awful conclusion!—

And since that hour the fisherman  
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain,  
For all the night the moony light  
Gleams on the spectre'd main!

And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,  
The murd'rer's liquid way,  
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,  
And flashing fires the sands illumine,  
Where the green billows play!



Full thirty years his task has been,  
Day after day, more weary,  
For Heav'n design'd his guilty mind  
Should dwell on prospects dreary ;

Bound by a strong and mystic chain,  
He has not pow'r to stray,  
But destin'd mis'ry to sustain,  
He wastes in solitude and pain  
A loathsome life away !

In the same spirited and elegant manner were all her pieces written, and we must not, therefore, wonder that her productions met with a large share of the public approbation.

We are likewise tempted to add a couple of stanzas from her *Deserted Cottage*—it is impossible not to perceive their beauty and feel their energy :

And now behold yon little cot  
All dreary and forsaken ;  
And know, that soon 'twill be thy lot  
To fall, like Jacob and his race,  
And leave on time's swift wing no trace  
Which way their course is taken !

Yet if for truth and feeling known,  
Thou still shalt be lamented—  
For when thy parting sigh has flown,  
Fond mem'ry on thy grave shall give  
A tear, to bid thy virtues live :  
Then smile, and be—contented !

A gentleman to whom she became attached quitted her for the continent without previous notice: she immediately followed him in a post-

chaise, whose windows being down, brought on a complaint, by which her limbs were rendered useless. This helplessness continued to the day of her death. But her mind preserved the same activity for which it had been already distinguished. Not long after this she visited Paris, and remained abroad for five years. The most pleasing parts of Europe were the objects of curiosity, and she passed this period of her life with high satisfaction.

Upon her return to her own native country, in 1788, she resumed her literary employments with her accustomed industry: hence those many productions were issued from the press—for we are to admire not only the excellencies of the composition, but also we are astonished at the rapidity with which they were produced—hers was an unremitting activity.

We have mentioned her income, and the emolument arising from the exercise of her talents; but having lived in a superior style, her debts were considerable, and the apprehension of embarrassment seems to have embittered the latest moments of her life. Being herself of a very benevolent temper, she had assisted many in distress, and now she was doomed to partake of that distress which she had so frequently relieved. The state of imbecillity into which she had been thrown, made her feel more sensibly every adverse incident which befell her. In the course of the year in which she died, she removed with her daughter to Englefield, near Windsor Forest. Disease of mind and body making a rapid progress, she expired, Dec. 26,

1800; and, according to her own direction, was buried in Old Windsor church-yard. Her funeral was simple, and a stone has been erected to her memory.

We close with the remark which introduced this narrative, and which was particularly exemplified in the life of MRS. ROBINSON—that talents, however extraordinary, and beauty, however fascinating, ensure not the possession of felicity!

*Islington,*

J. E.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 71.

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### BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

*(Cowper's Translation.)*

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HAVING in our former number taken passages from the two first books of the ILIAD OF HOMER, we proceed to other passages equally distinguished for their beauty and propriety.

The 3rd book opens with the following impressive description of the Trojans and Greeks:

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,  
With deaf'ning shouts, and with the clang of  
arms,

The host of Troy advanc'd. Such clang is heard  
Along the skies, when from incessant show'rs  
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes  
Take wing, and over ocean speed away:

Woe to the land of dwarfs ! prepar'd they fly  
For slaughter of the small pygmean race.  
Not so the valiant Greeks—but silent all,  
All silent, and resolv'd on mutual aid.  
As when thick mists involve the mountain's head,  
Fear'd by the shepherd swain, but to the thief  
Happier than midnight, and the eye extends  
To a stone's throw its indistinct survey,  
With such thick dimness of excited dust,  
In their impetuous march they fill'd the air !

The personal combat between MENELAUS  
and PARIS having been delineated, the inter-  
position of Venus is thus described :

Then starting forward, by his hairy crest  
He seiz'd him fast, and turning, dragg'd him  
thence

Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band  
That underbrac'd his helmet at the chin,  
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless  
force,

Choak'd him ! and had Menelaus won  
Immortal fame, his rival dragg'd away.  
But Venus mark'd the moment, snapp'd the  
brace,

Tho' stubborn, by a slaughter'd ox supplied,  
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd :  
The hero seiz'd, and swung it to the Greeks,  
Who took the prize in charge ; then spear in  
hand,

He flew again to pierce his rival's heart—  
But easily (what cannot pow'r divine !)  
Venus thence snatch'd him, in a cloud involv'd,  
To his own nuptial chamber ; there she left  
Her fav'rite, to inhale its sweets again,  
Perfumes of every name, and went herself  
To summon beauteous Helen. Her she found,

With many a fair spectatress of the field,  
 High station'd on the Scæan tow'r, and shook  
 Her fragrant mantle with a sudden hand.  
 An ancient dame she seem'd, for Helen erst  
 In Sparta, wont to dress her fleecy stores,  
 And one who dearly loved her.

The similies of HOMER are striking and impressive :

———— Atrides, with a joyful heart,  
 Turn'd thence, and paus'd not till he reach'd the  
                   band  
 Of either Ajax—they he found prepar'd,  
 With all their cloud of infantry behind.  
 As when the goat-herd, from a rocky point,  
 Sees rolling o'er the deep, and wafted on  
 By western gales, a cloud, that as it comes,  
 In distant prospect view'd, pitch-black appears,  
 And brings worst weather, lightning, storm, and  
                   rain—  
 He, shuddering, drives his flock into a cave :  
 So mov'd the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,  
 And dense with shields of youthful warriors  
                   bold,  
 Close following either Ajax to the fight.

As the ILIAD has been much extolled for its delineations of *military evolutions*, we shall now present the reader with an extract of some length—the *genius of Homer* shines here to advantage, and the translator seems to have done him justice :

As when excited by the blowing west,  
 The billows crowd toward some sounding shore,  
 First on the distant broad expanse they curl,

Their whitening heads then thundering smite the  
land,

O'erswell the rocks, and scatter wide the spray:  
So mov'd the Greeks, successive rank by rank,  
And phalanx after phalanx, ev'ry chief  
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,  
As voice in all those thousands none had been,  
Heard mute—and in resplendent armour clad,  
With martial order terrible advanced.  
Not so the Trojans came—as sheep, the flock  
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court,  
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,  
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without:  
Such din from Ilium's wide spreading host arose,  
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,  
But mingled languages were heard, of men  
From various climes. These Mars to battle rous'd,  
Those Pallas, azure-eyed—nor terror thence,  
Nor flight was absent, nor insatiate strife,  
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,  
Who small at first, but swift to grow from earth  
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies!  
She, foe alike to both, dispers'd the brands  
Of burning hate between them, and enhanced  
The woes of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd!

And now the battle join'd, shield clash'd with  
shield,

And spear with spear conflicting corslets rang,  
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose;  
Then many a yell was heard, and many a shout  
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd  
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood!  
As when two torrents from the mountains shoot  
Their mingling floods, by wintry sources fed,  
Into one gulph, the solitary swain,  
Roaming the distant uplands, hears the roar—  
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts!

These lines speak for themselves—there is a sublimity in the sentiment, and an energy in the expression, which cannot fail to impress the heart. Indeed the superior manner after which this most ancient poem is planned and executed has induced competent judges to pronounce HOMER—the *father of poetry*.

*Islington.*

J. E.

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### VACCINE INOCULATION.

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ON this head it would be needless to say much, the subject is too generally known, and the beneficent effects already experienced by this important discovery are rapidly extending to the most remote parts of the habitable globe. In London there has lately been a most respectable meeting, for the purpose of considering the best and most effectual means for extending this important practice; and we are happy to state, that at this meeting there was a considerable sum of money contributed for carrying their resolutions into effect.

In France, also, this discovery is considered of great importance, and we find it an object of attention among the members of the Central Committee at Paris. The following is an extract of a report, made Nov. 24, 1802:

“ Amongst other experiments, vaccinated subjects had been placed in the most intimate communication with persons having the small-pox, obliging them to inhabit the same room, eat and drink together, sleep in the same bed,

and wear the same clothes. These experiments, which were afterwards frequently repeated exactly in the same manner with the former, and tried on several occasions upon a great number of persons at the same time, have equally succeeded, and the details have been made public. The committee, however, till this moment, were not of opinion that the task they had undertaken was entirely compleated. A still more decisive proof was wanting to their inquiry, which was, to see nature struggling with the cow-pox under circumstances where, either from the effect of the state of the air, from the disposition of the body, or from these two causes united, the infection of the small-pox was actually spreading itself, and exerting the most active as well as the most dreadful influence. Already a great number of facts, which had been communicated to the committee from different parts of France, had informed them that the cow-pox had been triumphant in the struggle. There are scarcely any of the departments which, during the last two or three years, have not seen the small-pox reign epidemically in a great many towns, or in the country. There has not been one example to prove, that amongst thousands of individuals inoculated with the cow-pox, a single one has been infected with the small pox, though living in the midst of the contagion.

“The small-pox infection, which has reigned at Paris from the month of July in the last year, and which is at present so generally spread, has furnished them with the means of complet-



ing their proofs. They have taken the greatest pains to make the enumeration of all the individuals who, by the direction of the committee, had received the cow-pox; they have taken the most exact measures to be informed of all that might happen to them; and the result of their enquiries at this moment is, that amongst the number of those individuals, which amounts to nearly 10,000, not one has been infected with the contagion of the small pox.

“ This great and important result is firmly established, and it does not admit of a single exception. Two other facts, not less conclusive, have also come to the knowledge of the committee. The cow-pox having been constantly practised upon the children in the Hospital de la Pitie, and upon those of the Hospital of Orphans, in the Fauxbourg St. Antonie, the infection of the small pox has never been able to enter either of these two houses, although situated in two of the quarters of Paris where the small-pox has been most prevalent. Two hospitals, therefore, have clearly been preserved from the contagion by the effect of the cow-pox, and this is, in miniature, a proof of the possibility of attaining to the entire extirpation of the small-pox, and of banishing it from the continent, and indeed the whole world.”

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*To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE enclosed is the production of a friend whose loss I regret: with the advantages of a liberal education, he possessed a disposition to render every leisure moment productive of advantage and improvement; his highest enjoyments were those of the understanding. He once appeared in your valuable work, in answer to one of your queries; and had Providence suffered him to have continued where he was, instead of combating the dangers of the threatening waves, he would often have contributed his mite. If you should favor it with an asylum, it will be a gratification to

Yours, &amp;c.

*Gravesend,*

JOHN BRYAN.

*Feb. 2, 1803.*

IN the debates of the ignorant and vulgar, it is not strange to hear them brand one another with the opprobrious epithet, "A brute in human shape." If such a character can be found in society, it must be the miser, who is dead to all sense of humanity, renounces his duty to God and his fellow-creatures, and abandons every quality pertaining to a rational being; his inhospitable gate is barred against the wearied stranger, the hapless widow is spurned from his door, nor can the plaintive solicitations of the orphan soften his callous heart; the most woe-fraught scene human nature can exhibit

cannot command the sympathetic tear to overflow his corrugated cheek. His coffers are overcharged with a mighty store of ill-gotten gold—yet all don't content him; his treasure does not afford him the necessaries of life; his miserable, wretched, and constant anxiety perpetually corrodes his heart and preys upon his soul; scant and penurious is his table, a blinking taper lights his homely residence, and his in-shrunk withered limbs protrude through a tattered garb, that affords shelter for *mille pedicules*!

ALEX. MAC RAE.

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### A TRIP TO PARIS.

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(Concluded from page 38.)

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I AM delighted with a place, somewhat like our Vauxhall, called *Frascati*: the gardens are well laid out, light, and in excellent order, with artificial rocks, caves, mountains, and painted castles; but the rooms are most elegantly decorated, with large glasses every moment reflecting the company as they walk, taking their ices, cakes, and orgeat. All the beauty that I saw at Paris appeared to centre here—it is certainly the very drawing-room of Venus; the company are elegantly dressed, and, if Diana does not hold her court here, you meet nothing the least offensive to the chastity and delicacy of our most virtuous countrywomen,

many of whom I met there every evening. The attractions of this place will be found highly dangerous to a young man.

In the *Louvre* is their gallery of paintings, which I greatly admired, and the spoils of Italy, which I doubt not were very fine—too fine for me I am sure they were; the room they were in we thought, by stepping, was 400 yards long. The beauties of the hospital of invalids I will not attempt to describe—every effort of mine would disgrace myself and them; but the floor of the dome, made of tessellated marble, is beautiful beyond conception: the dome itself, the pillars, and the paintings, I shall always remember with enthusiastic pleasure. The *Champ de Mars* is used for the inspection of troops: it is a pleasant place, surrounded with trees, and well disposed for public sights. The *Pantheon* is to be the repository of the remains of great men, and when finished, will be a most beautiful building. The *Garden of Plants*, to be properly admired, must be seen by an amateur: it is a very pleasant promenade, kept in good order, and has a menagerie and an aviary. The *Thuilleries* is the palace of the three consuls; we only saw the exterior: it is a noble building. The *Luxembourg* is now under repair.—*Notre Dame* I think inferior to the cathedral at Rouen.

The late *Palace at Versailles* (at present uninhabited), which we visited, is in a style of grandeur worthy the great nation to whose kings it once belonged; the chapel, and above all, the private opera-house is most superbly de-

corated : the embellishments here, and in other great buildings in France, are infinitely richer than I ever saw in England. The famous water-works of Marli were not playing ; every thing in the palace and gardens was on a style of greatness and splendor, calculated to surprise ; but here, as in other places in France, appeared evident remains of the violence of revolutionary rage : at Versailles the absence of the court was severely felt.

We called enpassant at *St. Cloud*, the seat of Bonaparte ; we walked through the park, and that was all. Here we called on a friend of B——r's, Mr. F——r, and found the family and some company at whist and billiards—it was Sunday evening ! From hence we drove to *Tivoli* : here all was fairy-land and enchantment ; the gardens were brilliantly illuminated. The fire-works were almost over, and two men had gone up in a balloon that evening ; but there were at least 10,000 people, all well, though not fashionably dressed, with every appearance of good humour, good manners, and happiness on their countenances. After the fire-works, the ladies gave strong indications of preparing for their dear dance ; the arrangement was soon made, and in a few minutes at least 500 people were in motion to a *waltz*, which was soon succeeded by cotillions ; and in less than two hours (before 11), the dancing was over, and the gardens emptying : so wise are the French in the enjoyment of even their most favorite amusements. No introduction to partners appeared necessary, yet the greatest

politeness and respect was observed in soliciting the ladies' hands, and the most perfect decorum and good humour prevailed. I am very unwilling to find any thing like an apology for despotism, yet it must be owned, the attendance of the military at all public places tends greatly to preserve good order and regularity. Troops are found in every street of Paris, and called, I was told, on every occasion ; they are at all the places of amusement, and enforce the most trifling regulations.

The *Palais Royal* is in itself a grand building, erected by the late Duke of Orleans. Under piazzas not unlike Covent-garden are shops of every description, in which the immense quantity of fine glass gives them a brilliancy our shops want, else these are inferior in size to ours. Their jewellery, china, and glass wares struck me as most deserving attention—the china is wonderfully beautiful. Above these shops are gaming-rooms, open publicly to all, but the company is not good. The *Promenade* is attended by crouds of people all day ; but I saw few fashionable people, nor many ladies whose *characters* could be *at all doubted*. I was told the place had lately lost much of its respectability. This walk and the gaming-houses must greatly contribute to the licentiousness of the place.

Near the *Place de Concorde*, where the king was beheaded, I saw the Council of Three Hundred, or Legislative Palace : it is on a style of neatness and simplicity, of which I saw few specimens in France—it is new and very beau-

tiful. I took the president's chair, and afterwards made a speech to an audience of three ! David's painting of the union of the Romans and Sabines is very interesting ; though the Sabine chief is placed in a point of view which I think might raise a blush on the cheek of my fair countrywomen, yet the lover of the fine arts will, I doubt not, feel great pleasure in seeing it. The statues from Italy must be seen and *must* be admired : the Belvidere Apollo, the Laocoon, and, above all, the Capitoline Venus pleased me most. The cieling of the rooms in which they are placed are painted beyond my powers of description, but they are very beautiful. The Venus de Medicis was not arrived, but daily expected. In the *National Library* are two globes 30 feet in diameter : they are very curious, and said to be the largest known ; but their size appears to me to make them of little use, the eye can take in so small a part of them. The four famous *Venetian horses*, made at Corinth 3,000 years ago, are on pedestals opposite the Thuilleries ; they are bronze, and very highly prized. Every where great national improvements are going rapidly on at Paris, and the *trifling distinction* of private property appears to have no great weight with BONAPARTE, when they would oppose any of his favorite schemes ; even the demolition of 40 or 50 houses easily and speedily forms a noble avenue to some gate of the Louvre or the Thuilleries.

On the 15th Vendermaire (October 7), the FIRST CONSUL inspected the troops stationed

in the vicinity of Paris (about 8 or 10,000) in the court-yard of the Thuilleries; we were so fortunate as to get within a few yards of him, and saw him for more than an hour: his first appearance gave me an idea of *Kemble* in miniature, and as my friend, together with a stranger also, agreed with me in opinion, perhaps he bore some resemblance to him. He is small in stature, but appears well made, his eye keen and penetrating; he seemed indifferent to the surrounding objects, and his high honors sat easily upon him; there was nothing commanding or noble in his deportment, nor did his placid countenance often relax into a smile. He received several petitions from all ranks of people, and paid considerable attention to some of them. He rode his white charger, which is nothing more than a pretty ambling Galloway; but his saddle-cloth was covered with gold lace, as was his bridle; the bit and stirrups, I was told, were solid gold. Many of his officers were richly dressed and highly ornamented.—The troops did not exceed my expectations, considering they were picked men; and I felt proud, as an Englishman, in comparing their 9th dragoons to any of our regiments of light horse. The grenadiers and the Gendarmes were fine bodies of men, and the military bands I thought better than ours.

Considering the fondness of the French for sights, the crowd was not immense, nor was *BONAPARTE* welcomed by any tokens of joy or even respect—not a hat was moved to him; when the troops passed him in review, he did



not return the salute, but took off his hat when the colours lowered. After the review he had a levee, and I am told his manners were easy and graceful.

I went to many of the *theatres*: the houses I think inferior to ours in London; they are dirty, and appeared neglected, being greatly in want of painting and gilding! a single chandelier of Argand lamps lights all the house well! The audience was by no means elegant, and the pit having only men in it, was dreadfully gloomy. Great order and silence was observed, partly perhaps from the natural temperance of the people, and, I suspect, a little from the troops being so near—a bayonet is a wonderful promoter of good order! My ignorance of the language prevents me saying much of the acting, but it seemed natural and easy. I saw *Talma*, their tragic hero, and was delighted with the dancing of *Vestris* and his band at the opera-house; their ballets are charming. The performers take no notice of the applause they receive, though it was liberally bestowed; the singing is only so so—the band is very full and good. The unity of action is finely kept up on the French stage, as one scene serves for a lady's drawing-room and a general's tent, for a court of justice or a mercer's shop—in fact, it never changes!

The revolution has either produced great alterations in the habits and manners of the people, or our ideas of them have been very erroneous: I expected a cringing servility and an officious politeness, and met a frankness and

openness quite the reverse; instead of finding every man full of grimaces, shrugs, and gesticulations, they were nearly as cool (though I own not as dull) as my own phlegmatic countrymen; and I looked in vain for the "inch thick" of paint I expected to see on the faces of their women. My friends and myself found the French polite, good-humoured, lively, and well-behaved. And it must not be omitted, for the honor of their country, that the whole of their works of nature and of art, which may boldly challenge all Europe, are exhibited *gratis*, nothing is given or expected; and while, to a *Frenchman*, the doors are shut some days in every week, to a **FOREIGNER** they always fly open, at the sight, not of his half-crown, but his passport. Surely this liberality is worthy of imitation in other countries; it is degrading and mean that an adequate salary is not given to the persons employed in the care of our public institutions, and this pitiful tax abolished. Our lively good-humoured hostess was not, after all, mercenary, and we did not complain of her bill. We had a *valet de place*, who, by the kindness of Mr. Foncier and Mr. M——r, was but of little use to us; we gave him 2s. 6d. a day.—A Captain Russell, an Irishman, added much to our "laughter loving" society by his good-humour and pleasantry; he went with us in the packet, and had friends at Paris.

Having now spent our time and our money, and being almost glutted with sights, at 10 at night, on Friday, Sept. 8, 1802, we left this scene of splendor and of dirt, and in 20 hours

reached Rouen ; at half past 8 in the morning we breakfasted or dined at Verdun—our fare, soup, boilli, fish, eggs, mutton-chops, fricaseed fowl, broiled ditto, all hot, and all for eight people, with radishes, artichokes, spinnage, a dessert, coffee, and liqueure, at 2s. 6d. each !—We left our friend Dubus—*Hotel Vatel*, Rouen, the next morning at 8, and at 6 in the evening arrived at La Rues, Dieppe ; here we fortunately found the Lark packet, and at 11 at night left Dieppe for Brighton, where we arrived safe at 3 the next afternoon, Monday, October 11.

I cannot conclude this hasty sketch of the most pleasant tour I ever made in my life, without expressing the happiness I felt in the very agreeable society of my friends B——r and B——ll ; they were most politely studious of my accommodation, and most kindly forgetful of some little occasional peculiarity of which I fear I was guilty. Our whole expense for seventeen days (including passage, 3 guineas) was about 22l. each ; but I am convinced we might have lived for less than two-thirds of the money, with tolerable frugality.

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EXECUTION OF COLONEL DESPARD, AND  
HIS ACCOMPLICES, FOR HIGH TREASON,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1803.

*(On account of the general interest which this important affair has excited in the public mind, we are induced to give a full relation of the proceedings on the day of execution. It was indeed our intention to have presented our readers with the trial of these unfortunate men, but the length of the present article obliges us to defer it until our next.)*

THE sentence of the law has been carried into execution! On Saturday afternoon, February 19, 1803, was received the information that the warrant for execution, to take place on the following Monday, was made out. It was sent to the keeper of the New Goal in the Borough at six o'clock on Saturday evening, and included the names of Colonel Despard, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Arthur Graham, John Macnamara, John Wood, and James Sedgwick Wratten. The three other prisoners, Newman, Tyndal, and Lander, recommended by the jury to mercy, have been respited.

As soon as the warrant for execution was received, it was communicated to the unhappy persons by the keeper of the prison, Mr. Ives, with as much tenderness and humanity as the awful nature of the case required. We believe it was expected by all—by all it was received with resignation and fortitude. Colonel Despard observed, upon its being communicated to him, that the time was short; yet he had not had, from the first, any strong expectation that the recommendation of the jury would be

effectual. The mediation of Lord Nelson, the petition to the crown, were tried, but Col. Despard was convinced, as we have been informed, that they would be unavailing. From the moment of his conviction he had begun to prepare himself for that last moment that was to close all sublunary scenes upon him for ever! During the whole of the interval between the period of the passing and the executing of his sentence, he behaved with composure. Much of his time was employed in writing, some in reading, the greater part with his wife, Mrs. Despard.

Soon after the warrant was received, all papers and every thing he possessed were immediately taken from Colonel Despard. He was strictly searched, to discover whether he had any knife or means of self-destruction concealed about him, and every thing that was thought might enable him to put an end to his existence was conveyed out of his reach. There is no reason to suppose he had the slightest design of committing suicide; but these are the usual and necessary precautionary measures. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she first heard that his fate was sealed, but yesterday she recovered her fortitude. Accompanied by another lady, she had a last interview with him on Sunday the 20th, about three o'clock: the lady wept bitterly, but first Mrs. Despard, and then the colonel, reproached her with her weakness. Mr. and Mrs. Despard bore up with great firmness, even in parting; and when she got into a coach, as it drove off she waved her handkerchief out of the window.—The other prisoners bore their fate with equal hardihood, but conducted themselves with less solemnity than Colonel Despard. Their wives, &c. were allowed to take a farewell of them on the same day, and the scene was extremely distressing. Five

of these men attended chapel on Sunday morning, a chapel within the goal, and for its inhabitants only. Macnamara, being a Roman Catholic, did not attend; neither did Colonel Despard, who had constantly refused the assistance of a clergyman.

At day-light on Sunday morning the drop, scaffold, and gallows, on which they were to be executed, were erected on the top of the gaol. The erection of the apparatus of death gave full information of the approaching event, and great crowds continued to arrive and retire, viewing the place the whole day. All the bow-street patrol, and many other peace officers were on duty all day and night, and the military near London were drawn up close to it.

Mrs. Despard, after having taken leave of her husband at three o'clock in the afternoon, came again about five o'clock; but it was thought advisable to spare the colonel the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal, and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer.

After Mrs. Despard had left the colonel, at three o'clock, he walked up and down his cell for some time, seemingly more agitated than he had been at the period of taking leave of his wife. Between six and seven in the evening he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a short sleep. At eight o'clock he awoke, and addressed one of the officers of the prison, who was with him, in these words:—"Me—they shall receive no information from me—no, not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels in the possession of the crown!" He then composed himself, and remained silent. These expressions might induce some to suppose that some endeavours had been made to prevail upon him to make disclo-

tures. Whether this was the case or not, we are not able to say. Sir Richard Ford was at the prison on Sunday, and we believe saw the colonel and all the other prisoners, but we have not heard that his visit had for its object to induce them to make any confessions.

In the course of the evening, the colonel was visited by his solicitor, who came to ask him where he wished to be buried? He was silent for some minutes, and at length replied, that he believed several of his countrymen were buried at Pancras, he therefore desired to be buried there.

When Mr. Ives went to communicate the warrant for execution to two of the prisoners, Wood and Graham, they said, that they wished to have some conversation with him. On Sunday evening he went to them, attended by the clergyman, Mr. Winkworth. Graham then entered into a long conversation with him, upon the motives of the meeting at the public-house where they were apprehended; but we do not learn that he threw any new light upon the subject, or made any discoveries of importance.

Macnamara spent the whole of the night in prayer. The Roman Catholic priest left him at a late hour of the night, and came again early in the morning. Graham, Wratten, and another (Wood we believe) were the greater part of the night engaged in a similar manner—they were Dissenters. Broughton and Francis were Protestants. Col. Despard slept from three to half past four; the remainder of the night he passed in walking up and down his cell. The rest of the prisoners slept about two hours.

All the arrangements for the execution were settled on Sunday by Sir Richard Ford and the sheriffs of Surrey with the government and the magistrate. Sir Richard slept that night at a Mr. Smith's, in order to be near the prison.

At four o'clock the following morning, Monday Feb. 21, the drum beat at the Horse-guards, as a signal for the cavalry to assemble. We understand that four regiments were on duty. Two troops of horse were stationed at the Obelisk; others patrolled the roads from the Obelisk to the Elephant and Castle, and down the Borough road. The military occupied their stations as soon as it was day-light. It was not till past five o'clock that persons began to pour in any numbers along the Westminster and city roads to Horsemonger-lane.

At half past six the prison bell rang, the signal for the unlocking of the cells. Mr. Winkworth, the clergyman, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest (the same gentleman who attended Quigley when he was executed), came to the prison, and were immediately admitted to the prisoners.

At seven o'clock five of them, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Wratten, went into the chapel. They attended to the prayers with great earnestness, but at the same time without seeming to lose that firmness which they had displayed since their trial. Before they received the sacrament, four of them confessed they had done wrong, but not to the extent charged against them by the evidence. The fifth, Graham, said he was innocent of the charges brought against him, but that he had attended two meetings, the second at the instigation of Francis. It was Emblyn, he added, who called on him to take him to the meeting, by Francis's desire. For some time the clergyman refused to administer the sacrament to Francis, because he persisted in declaring he had been guilty of no crime. The clergyman said to him, "You admit you attended meetings?" He replied, "Yes."—"You knew they were for the purpose of overturning the constitution and government of the country. I by no means wish you to enter into particulars—



I only wish you to acknowledge generally." Francis then smiled (it seemed to be the natural character of his countenance), and answered, "I admit I have done wrong in attending those meetings."—The clergyman then asked each of them, "how they found themselves?" Francis, Wood, Broughton, and Wratten said, "they were never happier in their lives." Graham remained silent. The sacrament was then administered to them.

The service in the chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was over Colonel Despard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells; their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the chapel door, but did not enter the chapel. Macnamara walked about in earnest conversation with the Roman Catholic priest, and with a book in his hand.

Whilst Despard was at the door of the chapel, the sheriff, Pepper addressed himself very humanely to him, and asked him if he could render him any service. The colonel thanked him, and replied that he could not. The sheriff added something in a low tone of voice, which, we believe, but are not quite certain, related to Mrs. Despard. Whilst the clergyman was gone out of the chapel to prepare for the sacrament, the five prisoners in the chapel rose, on hearing the colonel's irons being knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands in the same manner as he had before bound Col. Despard and Macnamara.

Notice was then given to the sheriff that they were ready. Colonel Despard, who stood the first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis (who was making way for him) to go before him. It is the body of a small cart, on which two trusses of clean straw are laid: it was drawn by two horses. The procession moved in the following order:

The Sheriff of Surrey.

The Clergyman in his gown,

Mr. Ives, the Keeper, with a white wand,

High Constable,

Other Constables,

The Executioner with a drawn sword.

Macnamara and Graham were first put into the hurdle, and drawn to the lodge, where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the stair-case that leads up to the scaffold. The hurdle then returned, and brought

Broughton and Wratten,

then

Wood and Francis.

Last of all Colonel Despard was put into it alone. Macnamara seemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained silent. Broughton jumped into the hurdle, smiled, and looked up to the scaffold. Wood and Francis both smiled, and all of them surveyed the awful scene with much composure. Despard shook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the scaffold with a smile.

As soon as they had all been conveyed in the hurdle to the staircase that leads to the scaffold, they were escorted up one by one—the sheriff, Sir Richard Ford, the clergyman, Mr. Winkworth, and the Roman Catholic clergyman, Mr. Griffith, preceding them. Seven coffins, or shells, which had been previously placed in a room under the scaffold, were brought up and placed on the platform, on which the drop was erected. A bag of saw-dust, to catch the blood when the heads were severed from their bodies, was placed beside them. The block was near the scaffold.

There were about 100 spectators on the platform. The greatest order and silence were observed.

As soon as the prisoners were placed on the hurdle, St. George's bell tolled for some time. It was about half past eight when the prisoners were brought up to the scaffold one by one.

As soon as the cord was fastened round the neck of one, the second was brought up, and so on till the cords were fastened round the necks of all the seven.

Macnamara was first brought up; he still held a book in his hand, and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed with the greatest devotion, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me! Oh, Lord, look down with pity upon me!"

Graham came second—he looked pale and ghastly, but spoke not.

Wratten was the third—he ascended the scaffold with much firmness.

Broughton, the fourth, smiled as he ran up the scaffold stairs, but as soon as the rope was fastened round his neck he turned pale and smiled no more. He joined in prayer with much earnestness.

Wood was the fifth, Francis the sixth. Francis ascended the scaffold with a composure which he preserved to the last. Wood and Broughton were equally composed. Of all of them Francis was the best looking—tall, handsome, and well made. He and Wood were dressed in soldier's uniform; the rest were in coloured clothes.

Colonel Despard was brought up the last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great coat, his hair unpowdered; he ascended the scaffold with great firmness, and his countenance underwent not the slightest change while the awful ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing: he looked at the multitude assembled with perfect calmness. The clergyman, who ascended the scaffold after the prisoners were

tied up, spoke to him a few words as he passed.—The colonel bowed, and thanked him.

The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and made the following speech to the multitude:—

“Fellow-citizens, I come here as you see, after having served my country—faithfully, honorably, and usefully served it, for thirty years and upwards, to suffer death upon a scaffold for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty—I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me. But though his majesty’s ministers know as well as I do that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and justice,—” [There was a considerable huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him, but who, from the height of the scaffold from the ground, could not, we are sure, distinctly hear what was said. The colonel proceeded]—“because he has been a friend to the poor and the distressed. But, citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate, and the fate of those who no doubt will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity, and of justice will finally triumph over falsehood, tyranny, and delusion, and every principle hostile to the interests of the human race. And now having said this, I have little more to add——” [The colonel’s voice seemed to falter a little here: he paused a moment as if he had meant to say something more, but had forgotten it. He then concluded in the following manner——] “I have little more to add, except to wish you all health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavoured, as far as was in my power, to procure for you and for mankind in general.”

The colonel spoke in a firm and audible tone of voice : he left off sooner than was excepted. There was no public expression either of approbation or disapprobation given when he had concluded his address.

As soon as Colonel Despard had ceased speaking, the clergyman prayed with five of the prisoners. Macnamara prayed earnestly with the clergyman of his own persuasion. Despard surveyed the populace, and made a short answer, which we could not hear, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who was next him.

The clergyman now shook hands with each of them. Colonel Despard bowed, and seemed to thank him as he shook hands with him. The executioners pulled the caps over the faces of the unhappy persons, and descended the scaffold. Most of them exclaimed, " Lord Jesus receive our souls ! "

The last and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed. The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present all with one accord stood uncovered.

At seven minutes before nine o'clock the signal was given—the platform dropped—and they were all launched into eternity ! !

Col. Despard had not one struggle : twice he opened and clenched his hands together convulsively—he stirred no more.

Macnamara, Graham, Wood, and Wratten were motionless after a few struggles.

Broughton and Francis struggled violently for some moments after all the rest were without motion. The executioner pulled their legs, to put an end to their pain more speedily.

After hanging about half an hour till they were quite dead, they were cut down. Colonel Despard

was first cut down, his body placed upon saw-dust, and his head upon a block ; after his coat had been taken off, his head was severed from his body by persons engaged on purpose to perform that ceremony. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace and exclaimed—" This is the head of a traitor, Edward Marcus Despard." The same ceremony was performed on the parapet at the left hand. There was some hooting and hissing when the colonel's head was exhibited. His remains were now put into the shell that had been prepared for them.

The other prisoners were then cut down, their heads severed from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace with the same exclamation of, " This is the head of another traitor." The bodies were then put into their different shells, and are to be delivered to their friends for interment.

The populace were struck with the appearance of Macnamara, who, on ascending the scaffold, bowed ; many of them were acquainted with him : they pitied the situation of his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. It was at first thought he was Colonel Despard.—The crowd at the entrance of Horsemonger lane was immense ; as the time of execution drew near, the people from all parts came with such force as to bear down all opposition. Those who had been in dry situations were pushed into the middle of the road, where they stood almost up to the knees in mud. Several lost their shoes by the continual pushing and jostling. Many fainted, both men and women—of the latter, however, there were but few. While the heads were exhibiting, the populace took off their hats.

The execution was over by ten o'clock, and the populace soon after dispersed quietly. There was not the least tendency to riot or disturbance. The precautions, however, taken by government, were certainly proper. We understand that a sky-rocket was sent to the keeper of the prison, to be let off, as a signal to the military, in case of any disturbance.

We have thus discharged a most painful task, and given as full and accurate account of the awful scene as can be given. May it be the last account of such a nature that shall ever fall to our lot to state!

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#### AFFECTION OF ELEPHANTS.

TWO Ceylonese elephants, a male and female, were carried into Holland, when very young, about 12 years ago. They had been separated in order to be conveyed from the Hague to Paris, where, in the Museum of Natural History, a spacious hall was prepared for their reception. This was divided into two apartments, which had a communication by means of a large door, resembling a portcullis. The inclosure round these apartments consisted of very strong wooden rails. The morning after their arrival they were conveyed to this habitation. The male was first brought: he entered the apartment with suspicion, reconnoitred the place, and then examined each bar separately with his trunk, and tried their solidity by shaking them. He attempted to turn the large screws on the outside which held them together, but was not able. When he arrived

at the portcullis which separated the apartments, he observed that it was fastened only by a perpendicular iron bar; this he raised with his trunk, then pushed up the door, and entered the second apartment, where he received his breakfast. These two animals had been with the utmost difficulty parted, in order to travel separately, and had not seen each other for some months; and the joy they experienced on meeting again, after so long a separation, is scarcely to be expressed. The two animals immediately rushed towards each other, and sent forth cries of joy so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall: they breathed also through their trunks with such violence that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind. The joy of the female was the most lively; she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over the body of the male with the utmost tenderness; she in particular applied it to his ear, where she kept it a long time, and after having drawn it over the whole body of the male, often moved it affectionately towards her own mouth. The male did the same over the body of the female, but his joy was more concentrated. He seemed, however, to express it by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance. Since this time they have occupied the same apartment, and their mutual tenderness and natural affection have excited the admiration and even the esteem of all who have visited them.

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*The Female Mentor.*

NO. 6.

EDUCATION AND CULTURE OF THE FEMALE  
MIND.

Let this great truth by all be understood,  
That all the pious duties which we owe  
Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,  
(The source of every virtue here below)  
From education first, and early culture flow.

AS this essay was begun some time ago, and was then intended to benefit those who had become, or were about becoming wives, it is therefore most likely that many of them are now mothers: to such readers a few thoughts and observations, founded on experience, will not surely be deemed either intrusive or impertinent.

All that has yet been written on the subject of female instruction has been solely for the benefit of the great and wealthy: the improvement of the middle orders of society is left entirely to chance and fancy. It may be said—for such as will solicit favors, there are many and extensive charities: I own it, and exult with honest pride in the reflection, that through the benevolence of the great so large a part of the community is happily snatched from ignorance and vice. And for the middle classes, it may be said, are there not schools suited to the circumstances of all orders of society? I agree

that there are such schools ; but I would fain ask some reflecting and sensible parents, who may have reared a family of girls, and educated them at such schools, if the improvement of their children at all answered either the expectations they had formed, or the expense they had been at with them ? I think they would, if they spoke candidly, confess they had been disappointed. In such schools, the minds of girls are not directed to proper pursuits : to be genteel, is thought of more importance than to be useful, and the future situations that girls are to occupy in society are very rarely attended to. To draw, to dance, to dress, are made primary instead of secondary objects : how, I would ask, is the daughter of a tradesman benefitted by the above attainments, unless they can be made subservient to her future support, which is very seldom the case—for girls genteelly educated are mostly too proud and too indolent to work for themselves. In boarding-schools they imbibe a false pride, which always operates against industry ; mixing frequently with the children of superior circumstances to their own parents, they would be totally overlooked if the style of their appearance did not in some degree rescue them from momentary contempt. While parents yield, through custom and good-nature, to the silly wishes of their children, they decorate them in a way much superior to their situation, frequently injurious to their circumstances, and utterly unfit for their future prospects, and do not reflect that they are contributing to lay the foundation of vanity and ex-

pense in minds where the virtues of prudence and economy should be most seriously attended to. Frequently, too, I fear, it happens, that while they are gaining the frivolities of genteel education, they lose the virtues of the heart. All teachers are not prudent—and in large schools much must be left to teachers, and many of them are very unfit for the important stations they occupy in society—frequently trifling and giddy young women, engaged, perhaps, more for the ease and appearance of their exterior graces than their internal qualifications; reserved and decorous in public, for the sake of appearances, but in private too often light, vain, and trifling—can it be wondered at that girls, thus placed early, acquire the arts of cunning and duplicity? They see, that with the greater part of the world the affectation of reserve and modesty passes current for the inestimable virtues of candor, sweetness, and delicacy—they insensibly exchange independence for servility, candor for hypocrisy, and utility for fashion.

Is it not, then, worth enquiring whether much of the depravity that is at present complained of, does not arise from the errors of education? This, it may be said, is admitted—but how is it to be remedied? I will tell you, my fair countrywomen, how I think it might be altered, and numbers of unhappy young women saved from error, prostitution, disease, and death; it is thus: let a few public-spirited women, possessed of the power as well as the will to do good, found a public institution for the

education of girls born of decent and respectable parents ; let them reside with and be clothed by their parents ; let women of sound, intelligent, and virtuous minds be placed to superintend the society ; let a certain number of ladies carefully inspect the conduct and morals of those employed by them ; let the girls be taught all useful acquirements, good housewifery not excepted, and, above all, let the attainments of useful knowledge be made of higher importance than personal decoration ; let a strict attention to neatness and cleanliness be primary articles of the society, and all useless ornaments, which serve but to engender vanity, entirely excluded. I would recommend that a strict attention be also paid to the genius and disposition of the children ; that they should be taught light trades, such as are now nearly engrossed by the other sex, I mean engraving, drawing, and painting, not as trifling amusements, but as serious occupations, by which they are in future to acquire an independent and honest living. Let the study of history and the works of genius be made familiar to them—this would shortly destroy that love of reading now so much ridiculed and complained of, and save a vast deal of time that is trifled away over insipid novels and haunted castles. To those who shewed skill at their needle, let the works of fancy in that pleasing art be made familiar to them ; little exhibitions might be formed of their performances, which would give energy to their exertions, celebrity to the institution, and confer just praise on the fair pa-

tronesses of such an undertaking. Others, of different genius, might be made (what women seldom are) good arithmeticians, and would, of course, be then qualified for stations in shops, which are now most shamefully usurped by men; the lighter branches of turnery and toy-work might be taught many to great advantage: in short, it is impossible to specify, in a work of this nature, half the utility such schools would be productive of—vice, idleness, and vanity might in a great degree be eradicated from the hearts of those who are to be the women of the next generation: their minds would be informed by precept, encouraged by kindness, and strengthened by just praise and virtuous emulation.

Surely the most incalculable advantages that must arise from such institutions, properly conducted, will tempt some benevolent and liberal-minded women to venture at least on the experiment; the expense might be defrayed by subscription, and it would not be enormous: the experiment might be made on a small scale, the children being no expense to them but for education, and in time the labours of those instructed would enrich the establishment. I address myself, on this interesting, this important subject, to the known feelings, sympathy, and humanity of the ladies of this imperial kingdom: I intreat them to pause for a moment only, and look at the incredible number of unhappy beings that crowd the streets of this metropolis; and I am persuaded many, very many of them can date their errors from

improper education only ; unfitted by false indulgence for the duties of domestic life, they become too often a burthen instead of a blessing to their mistaken parents, who lament, when it is too late, the folly and weakness of their past conduct. What is the end of all this ? Young men who are looking for prudent wives will not engage with them ; and those who admire their accomplishments, without penetrating the surface, yet in the language of the world look for a fortune equal at least to their education ; this is very seldom to be had, and of course, when slighted or neglected, a girl who has made, or been taught to make false estimates of every thing, is easily persuaded by an artful man, who slyly turns her vanity and weakness against herself, to overstep the laws of prudence, and, in his estimation, to dispense with those weighty ceremonies that the wisdom and morality of our plain but well-meaning ancestors imposed on us. The consequences are too plain—the subsequent steps to depravity very easy : error begets vice, and vice ends in misery. All this, I repeat, might be prevented by a proper education : young people should early be taught the duties annexed to the stations they are expected to fill in society.

If these thoughts and suggestions should be, even in the smallest degree, useful to any of her female readers, the writer will feel ample gratification for the time she has spent in composing these little essays, in which she does not presume to think there is much originality either in thought or expression ; and though

much, very much has been written, much yet remains to be said on this comprehensive subject ; and most happy would she be to see some able and skilful hand enter more largely into it.

K. .

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*For the Monthly Visitor.*

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ON FRIENDSHIP.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,  
 Denies or damps an undivided joy.  
 Joy is an import, joy is an exchange,  
 Joy flies monopolists—it calls for two.  
 Rich fruit Heaven-planted, never pluck'd by one.  
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give  
 To social man true relish of himself.

WHAT would this world be without friendship—no one to participate our enjoyments or condole in our sufferings? A dismal one indeed. I recollect one of our poets, I think Dr. Young, somewhere exclaims,

“ Poor is the friendless master of a world : ”

Sum up all the pleasures it will afford, present them in the most glowing colours of imagination, what are they without a friend, a sharer? insipid, tasteless. Draw up in one view all the miseries to which humanity is exposed, clothe them in their most sable garments, and but say there is one to pity—the soul proudly triumphs. Oh, friendship ! oft have I tasted thy delights, oft sipped at thy cup ; oft have seen thee spar-

kle in the eye at the relation of a brother's prosperity, or in a silent tear strive to steal away unobserved from a view of his distress. Oh, but continue thy favor, celestial being! pour thy balm into my wounds—I ask no more. And as for thou, fortune, capricious goddess, I despise thee: honors and riches thou mayest deny me, but the refined pleasures of sensibility are far beyond thy reach.

Gravesend,  
Feb. 1, 1803.

I. B.

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EXTRACTS FROM  
YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

*Addressed to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.*

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

(Continued from last volume, page 365.)

TWO RULES FAVORABLE TO ORIGINALITY.

FIRST—Know thyself. Of ourselves it may be said, as Martial says of a bad neighbour,

*Nil tam prope, proculque nobis:*

Therefore dive deep into thy bosom; learn the depth, extent, bias, and full force of thy mind; contract full intimacy with the stranger within thee; excite and cherish every spark of intellectual light and heat, however smothered under former negligence, or scattered through the dull dark mass of common thoughts; and col-



lecting them into a body, let thy genius rise (if a genius thou hast) as the sun from chaos ; and if I should then say, like an indian, " Worship it," (though too bold) yet should I say little more than my second rule enjoins, viz.—Reverence thyself.

That is, let not great examples or authorities browbeat thy reason into too great a diffidence of thyself : thyself so reverence as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richest import from abroad—such borrowed riches makes us poor. The man who thus reverences himself, will soon find the world's reverence to follow his own : his works will stand distinguished ; his the sole property of them, which properly alone can confer the noble title of an author, that is, of one who (to speak accurately) thinks and composes ; while other invaders of the press, how voluminous and learned soever (with due respect be it spoken) only read and write.

#### SCHOLAR AND ENTHUSIAST.

This is the difference between these two luminaries in literature, the well-accomplished scholar and the divinely-inspired enthusiast : the first is as the bright morning star ; the second, as the rising sun. The writer who neglects those two rules above will never stand alone—he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng ; incumbered with the notions of others, and impoverished by their abundance, he conceives not the least embryo of new thought, opens not the

least vista through the gloom of ordinary writers into the bright walks of rare imagination and singular design; while the true genius is crossing all public roads into fresh untrodden ground, he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading the sacred footsteps of great examples with the blind veneration of a bigot saluting the papal toe, comfortably hoping full absolution for the sins of his own understanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

#### ADMIRATION.

Admiration has generally a degree of two very bad ingredients in it—of ignorance and of fear, and does mischief in composition and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more superiority in it given than assumed; and its grantees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleness of others minds, than to the greatness of their own: were not prostrate spirits their voluntary pedestals, the figure they make among mankind would not stand so high.

#### ANECDOTE OF SWIFT.

I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopt short; we passed on: but perceiving that he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top!" As in this he seemed to prophesy like the Sybils, if, like

one of them, he had burnt part of his works, like her too he might have risen in his demand for the rest.

#### IMITATION AND EMULATION.

Imitation is inferiority confessed ; emulation is superiority contested or denied ; imitation is servile, emulation generous ; that fetters, this fires ; that may give a name, this a name immortal : this made Athens, to succeeding ages, the rule of taste and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other, and kindled by conflict into glories, which no time shall extinguish. We thank Eschylus for Sophocles, and Parrhasius for Zeuxis—emulation, for both : that bids us fly the general fault of imitators, bids us not be struck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the spirits, but as with a trumpet, which inspires ardor to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever, like raw troops under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laurelled veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory.

#### TESTIMONY OF BACON.

Bacon, under the shadow of whose great name I would shelter my present attempt in favor of originals, says, " Men seek not to know their own stock and abilities, but fancy their possessions to be greater, and their abilities less than they really are." Which is in effect saying, that " we ought to exert more than we

do; and that on exertion, our probability of success is greater than we conceive."

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his assistance, too, on my side. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world, and with a more than eagle's eye saw, and has pointed out, blank spaces, or dark spots in it, on which the human mind never shone: some of those have been enlightened since, some are benighted still.

#### ROOM FOR ORIGINALITY.

Moreover, so boundless are the bold excursions of the human mind, that in the vast void beyond real existence, it can call forth shadowy beings and unknown worlds as numerous, as bright, and perhaps as lasting, as the stars; such quite original beauties we may call paradisaical—

*Natos sine semine flores.*

OVID.

When such an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lies before us, shall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the present age small streams of excellence from its grand reservoir in antiquity, and those too, perhaps, muddled in the pass? Originals shine like comets—have no peer in their path, are rivalled by none, and the gaze of all: all other composition, if they shine at all, shine in clusters, like the stars in the galaxy; where, like bad neighbours, all suffer from all, each particular being diminished and almost lost in the throng.

## ANIMATING CONSIDERATIONS.

If ancients and moderns were no longer considered as masters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown, then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might one day become ancients themselves ; and old time (the best weigher of merits), to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Augustan age in both his scales ; or rather our scale might descend, and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it strongly speaks) might kick the beam.

And why not ? For consider, since an impartial Providence scatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of persons, so through all periods of time ; since a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured on us by revelation, with larger prospects extending our understanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an inestimable prize setting our passions on fire, thus strengthening every power that enables composition to shine : since there has been no fall in man on this side Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliaries against themselves, as being perpetual spurs to our ambition, and shining lamps in our path to fame ; since this world is a school, as well for intellectual, as moral advance, and the longer human nature is at school the better scholar it should be ; since, as the moral world expects its glorious millennium, the world intellectual may hope, by the rules of analogy, for some superior degrees of excellence

to crown her latter scenes; nor may it only hope, but must enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics allow, that virtue assists genius, and that the writer will be more able when better is the man:—all these particulars, I say, considered, why should it seem altogether impossible that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair—that the day may come when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, on the children of antiquity, reputing Homer and Demosthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant fame? What a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown!

(*To be continued in our next.*)

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*To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.*

GENTLEMEN,

Chelsea, Feb. 13. 1803.

HAVING been, since the commencement of your esteemed publication, your constant reader, and, in the time of the former proprietors of the *Monthly Visitor*, sometimes a favored correspondent to their Parnassian Garland, to which I have added a few flowrets. I am induced by their approbation of those few short productions I had the honor to transmit to them, to solicit yours to the inclosed lines, entitled a "Farewell to my native Island, Jamaica." Being a native of that island, and having left it a few years since, and perhaps bid it adieu for ever, I thought I could not em-

ploy my youthful muse on a more proper theme than that farewell. Where I could confine myself to rhyme I have done so, but the images and thoughts that crowded into my mind became so unruly, that they would not long be held under that restriction. I have however begun and ended it in alternate rhyme. Perhaps you may think my description of the scenery too bold and romantic for the West Indies, where all is supposed to be enervating, encouraging idleness, luxury, and pleasure. I grant that the climate, when given way to, will sometimes have that effect.

In the interior of the island, and often a very few miles from the shore, the lofty mountains breaking on the view, their summits tinged with the rays of the evening sun, and emerging to the sight the higher you ascend, astonish the traveller, and give a loose to the reins of fancy and sportive imagination. On the whole, it cannot be denied, that the scenery of Jamaica is as majestic, as sublime, and as commanding as any Switzerland can boast, though far different in their internal situation; and in the lowlands, the beautiful variety of shades of green and yellow in the fields of cane, present to the eye a scene as gratifying as the most charming landscape the continent of Europe can afford. You will pardon this long strain I have been led into by a desire to praise my country (I cannot but mourn its fataleffects to Europeans, and heartily wish the cause was removed), and to yield the only tribute of affection in my power, and also to shew my gratitude to my mother

country, Great Britain, to which all others must yield the palm.

Wishing you may excuse the freedom of this address, and view with the eye of impartiality and candor these lines I presume to lay before you,

I remain, gentlemen,

Yours, most obediently,

M. A.

JAMAICA, beauteous isle, farewell!

Thy sea-girt shores no more I'll view;

Thy high-brow'd rocks and lowly dells,

I bid ye now a long adieu!

Thy "cloud-capp'd" hills, upon whose airy top

I've oft with wonder stood,

To view the foaming flood,

Which rushing from stupendous heights,

Flow'd thro' the vale beneath.

Thy sylvan scenes and verdant dales

My infancy endear'd:

Borne off by fresh and chearful gales,

I from thy coasts am steer'd.

What tho' no scent of Arab's gales

Breathe thro' thy leafy groves,

Or whiten'd herds adorn thy vales,

By Arcade's shepherds drove—

Who with sweet and tuneful reed,

Send forth soft dulcet notes,

That charm the list'ning ear,

And lull the raptur'd soul.

But on thy shaggy mountain's brow,

O'erhanging with proud awful head,

Full oft a precipice below,



The harden'd goat, with nimble feet,  
Skips and bounds from cliff to cliff,  
Where e'en the scaring vent'rous sight,  
With lifted look, can scarcely go.

Yet e'en these scenes of pleasure void,  
Are to my heart most dear,  
And shall "while mem'ry holds her seat,"  
Or till that heart shall cease to beat,  
Be held in fond delight.

The hours I pass'd in thy dear shades  
Were peaceful, calm, serene,  
Where neither grief nor care invades,  
And silence reigns supreme,  
Unmov'd but by the murm'ring sound  
Of some soft purling stream,  
Which flowing through the varied mead,  
Comes slowly unperceiv'd.

And thou, sweet Hope,\* thou source of joy,  
How oft beside thy banks  
I've stood with high uplifted eye,  
And sung aloud my thanks  
To that great Being who dwells on high,  
And sits on mercy's throne,  
Who looks on all with gracious eye,  
And marks us as his own.

And now to Albion's coasts I come,  
And view her whiten'd shore,  
She claims my greetings as my home,  
I weep for thee no more.  
Albion, the seat of arms and arts,  
Where peace and commerce smile,  
May Britons long with manly hearts  
Still guard their favor'd isle:

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\* A beautiful romantic stream so called, within  
a few miles of Kingston.

Long, long to bless this happy land,  
May George, our sov'reign reign,  
At home may be all hearts command,  
And all our rights maintain !

*Feb. 5, 1803.*

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ORIGINAL LETTERS,  
LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.  
(Continued from page 56.)

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NO. 2.

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LETTER IV.

*From Mr. C. L. R. to Mr. R. N.*

*London, July 17, 17—.*

MY GOOD FRIEND,

YOU have reason to be surprised that I have so long neglected answering your letter, but I assure you I never received it till yesterday. I have for about ten days been at Oxford with a gentleman from the west, and was agreeably entertained with your favor at my return: all your letters, my friend, give me pleasure, but especially those which convey to me your refined notions of moral virtue. I admire your last soliloquy, and wish I could in return communicate to you a pleasure equal to that I received by it—for, to all generous minds, giving pleasure is much better than receiving it, and in my opinion, the communication of good to others is the most solid satisfaction this

life affords. I imagine that all mankind are eagerly pursuing happiness, though very few attain it, a desire of which is certainly implanted in our very frames; and as we are free and intelligent agents, having a power to choose or refuse, we always must prefer that which appears a good to us, and we cannot possibly chuse any thing which appears to be an evil at the time we choose it, therefore in general our unhappiness in life proceeds from rash and hasty determinations, and from our not making use of serious and cool reflection, till it comes too late, and serves only to plunge us deeper into misery. Would the ambitious man consider seriously how little solid satisfaction there is in being the idol of the giddy multitude, or to have a crowd of suppliant wretches cringing for his favor, regarding him only for the benefits he has in his power to confer; add to this how difficult it is to climb the slippery path to greatness, and how broad a mark the great man is for envy's poisonous arrows. Surely reflections of this sort would check his growing pride, and make him judge himself more blest in moderate circumstances. Would the covetous man be convinced (which he surely would if he thought seriously) that it is just the same to have our minds shrink back to our circumstances, as to have our circumstances stretched to answer our most unbounded wishes, he certainly would cease to pursue a happiness so far out of his reach, and embrace that within his power. The same may be said of him who indulges to excess in drinking, or any other vice: did they but

coolly consider the wretched consequences that must attend it here and hereafter, it would surely appear to be a very great evil to them, and they could not choose it as such.

But to be more particular in my answer to yours: I like the golden mean that you have prescribed, and agree with you, that business may be blended with pleasure without any interruption, supposing it to be under proper regulations. Business indeed should in itself be a pleasure to all those who are dependent on it, and it should be carefully attended to, or a man will make but a poor figure in life; but this you may do, and yet find time enough in your vacant hours to read your author, or enjoy your friend.

Thus I give you a few unpremeditated thoughts, hoping you will judge favorably of all the errors I commit. I shall conclude this with wishing heartily that no profit may tempt either of us, no pleasure entice us, nor no privacy embolden us to do that, with or without deliberation, which will give us any pain on the reflection.

I am, &c.

C. L. R.

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LETTER V.

*From the same.*

*London, March 31, 17—.*

MY BEST FRIEND,

I WAS so happy as to find your letter at B, and a second favor when I came home, both

which have given me the highest satisfaction, being every way equal to the important subject they treated on. You ask me my opinion, but you forgot that you have anticipated it, and said all, nay much more than I could have said about it: your reason has struck out the most latent truths, and dressed them in the smoothest and most affecting language. Your arguments for the use of prayer are some of the best I ever met with, and all that is left for me is to approve and admire them; however, I know you expect something from me on this head, therefore I shall make the following remarks.

1st. God's being immutable cannot render him an unfit object of adoration, because immutability is one of the infinite perfections of his nature, and peculiar to him alone. 2ndly. The immutability of the divine nature can never affect the freedom of the divine will; for though there are, in the nature of things, some eternal truths which, we may venture to say, God himself (being infinitely perfect) cannot vary from; and though we cannot expect that any of his eternal laws should be suspended, for the preservation of such insignificant creatures as we are, yet it is ever in his power, and I believe ever in his will, to answer the prayers of all his faithful subjects, and by the secret operations of his providence lead us from evils, that else, in the ordinary course of things, we must be liable to. 3dly. I think that adoration and prayer are so far from appearing unnecessary, that it makes its first impressions on the minds of all rational creatures, and is the most natural

of all our duties. Common gratitude teaches us immediately, either inwardly or outwardly, to acknowledge benefits received, life being the first and foundation of all other benefits we receive at the hands of God. It is his goodness that sustains the being he gives; on him we continually depend for every mercy we receive; and should he withdraw the guard of his almighty providence, we should sink into the vile original from whence he called us into happy being. Is it possible then for a being capable of reflection to avoid looking up to that God, and with a heart full of the warmest gratitude and affection, cry out as David did, "What shall I, what can I render unto the Lord for all his mercies?" When every day's experience confirms his goodness to us—when every rising sun opens to our view a new and wonderful scene of beauty and order, how can our hearts (that open to other objects like flowers to the morning sun) be contracted against such calls as these: when all our desires are satisfied from the hand of the bounteous Almoner of the universe, how can we forget to adore him in whom we live? But then, lastly, the immutability and other perfections of the divine nature, should teach us to petition for nothing inconsistent with it, or with the good of society; we should ask all with the lowest prostration of soul and submission to the divine will, and we may depend on it he will give to those that ask in sincerity every necessary good.

Thus I have given you my crude thoughts as they come reeking from the brain: but such as

they are, I can entrust with you, being convinced of the regard you bear

Your friend,

C. L. R.

P. S. I never wrote any thing in such a hurry.

*(To be continued.)*

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EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

HENRY WOLBY, Esq. was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than 1000l. a year. He was regularly bred at the university, studied for some time in one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels spent several years abroad. On his return, this very accomplished gentleman settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to a Sir Christopher Hilliard, in Yorkshire.

He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honored and beloved by all—when, one day, a younger brother, with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly in his pocket, thoughtfully returned home; but, on after examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol

had such an effect upon his mind, that he instantly conceived an extraordinary resolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he persisted to the end of his life.

He took a very fair house in the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate, London, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid, he retired into his lodging-room, and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear. Out of these chambers, from the time of his entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, 44 years after, on men's shoulders; neither, in all that time, did his son-in-law, daughter, or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not six days before him.

In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or flesh, his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then in summer he had had a sallad of some choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat,



he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted; his constant drink was four-shilling beer and no other, for he never tasted wine or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of sackers, and sometimes drank red cow's milk, which was fetched hot from the cow.— Nevertheless he kept a bountiful table for his servant, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy he always laid aside and never read.

In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had greet cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with stores of wine, which his maid brought in. Then after thanks to God for his good benefit, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of clean holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table empty; when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away, and this he would do, at dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting of any thing whatsoever. When any clamoured impudently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when from his private chamber he espied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after

them, to comfort, cherish, and strengthen them, and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover enquire which of his neighbours were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families; to such he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities.

He died at his house in Grub-street, after an anchoretical confinement of forty-four years, October 29th, 1636, aged 84. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like an hermit of the wilderness, than the inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world.

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#### PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

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*The following are the particulars of the event which gave birth to the above appellation.*

THE wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, with her husband, founded a monastery for an abbot and twenty-four Benedictine monks, at Coventry, in 1043, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Osburg. Leofric and his lady, who both died about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor, were buried in the church of the abbey they had founded. The former seems to have been

the first lord of Coventry, and the latter its greatest benefactress, as will appear from the following extraordinary and indeed romantic tradition, which is not only firmly believed at Coventry, but is recorded by many of our own historians:—The earl had granted the convent and city many valuable privileges; but the inhabitants having offended him, he imposed on them very heavy taxes; for the great lords to whom the towns belonged, under the Anglo-Saxons, had that privilege, which cannot be exercised at present by any but the house of commons. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva, the earl's lady, a woman of great piety and virtue, to intercede in their favour. She willingly complied with their request, but the earl remained inexorable: he told his lady, that were she to ride naked through the streets of the city, he would remit the tax—meaning that no persuasion whatever should prevail with him, and thinking to silence her by the strange proposal; but she, sensibly touched by the distress of the city, generously accepted the terms. She therefore sent notice to the magistrates of the town, with the strictest orders that all doors and windows should be shut, and that no person should attempt to look out on pain of death. These precautions being taken, the lady rode through the city, covered only with her fine flowing locks. While riding in this manner through the streets, no one dared to look at her, except a poor taylor, who, as a

punishment, it is said, for his violating the injunction of the noble lady, which had been published with so pious and benevolent a design, was struck blind. This taylor has been ever since remembered by the name of Peeping Tom, and in memory of the event, his figure is still kept up in the window of the house from whence it is said he gratified his curiosity.—The lady having thus discharged her engagements, the earl performed his promise, and granted the city a charter, by which they were exempted from all taxes. As a proof of the truth of this circumstance, in a window of Trinity church are the figures of the earl and his lady, and beneath the following inscription:—

“ I, Leofric, for the love of thee,

“ Do set Coventry toll free.”

To this day, the love of Godiva is annually commemorated on Friday in Trinity week, when a valiant fair-one rides, not literally like the good countess, but in silk, closely fitted to her limbs, and of colour emulating her complexion. The figure of Peeping Tom, in the great street, is also new dressed on the occasion.—Mr. O’Keefe has produced a musical entertainment on this subject, written with all the *delicacy* the subject would admit.

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*THE CAMELION.*

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**M.** GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to this animal, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five camelions in separate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died existed 89 days without food; the second 91 days; the third, 105 days; the fourth, 115 days. The fifth camelion had been 116 days without food, when M. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and strength, shortly after which it escaped from his further observation.

The camelion lays motionless on a bough, or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue (which resembles an earthworm) hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which

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small insects are attracted, and when covered with them, it is drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, M. Golberry says—"When I kept my camelions in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed by respiring the air so strongly that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to tease them, they became a yellow green; then a yellow, spotted with red: then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner, and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours I could succeed in making them adopt."—M. G. wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that state, but the colour of the animal was never affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkness, health, ease, &c. The camelion has a power peculiar to itself, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The camelion is so organized as not only to inhale a very great quantity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail, and eyes are filled with it.

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*JUVENILE RECREATIONS.*

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## SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Plank.

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## ENIGMA.

LADIES, permit an intimate to claim  
Your kind attention, while, in mystic terms,  
To exercise your genius, I unfold  
Th' occasions dire from whence my birth proceeds.  
So may the little loves and rosy smiles  
Still play around you, wing'd with blooming joy  
And ever new delights.

In sacred cells, where human foot ne'er trod,  
Know, I was form'd ; thence soon brought forth to  
light,

And launch'd into a world of care and woe :  
Yet ling'ring oft, and trembling, long I stand  
Upon the borders of those sacred celis ;  
Nor wonder that, for set to guard their bounds,  
A num'rous host of spears are seen to rise  
In close battalion, hostile to return ;  
And once, alas ! the closing portal past,  
My native place I never more must see.  
Thus Eve still linger'd on the beauteous verge  
Of that sweet Paradise her rashness lost,  
Loth to resign fair Eden's blissful bow'rs,  
Which she must never, never visit more.  
When the lorn pair (expell'd those blest abodes),  
With doleful thoughts oppress'd, and wandering  
steps,  
Sought where to rest, 'twas then I first was seen ;

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And ever since, on misery's sad race  
I still attend, companion of their way.

The cause of wretchedness and want I plead,  
Against oppressors' wrongs behold me rise,  
And state the case with all the moving art  
That elegance can boast: smote by powers,  
The stubborn heart relents, and yields redress,  
When laws divine and human urge in vain.

Well known to royal David in his griefs,  
Then when his heart was melted into love,  
And sweet contrition; mourning for his sins,  
He tun'd his harp to penitential themes,  
I frequent swell'd his sadly solemn strains,  
Thro' which, to latest times, I still shall flow.

Yet not to scenes of misery and woe  
Am I confin'd—No: where the tide of joy  
Flows in high rapture round the circle gay,  
I too am seen, and publicly reveal  
The grateful thought that words lack power to tell.

Go ask the favor'd youth what were his thoughts  
When first he saw his dear Constantia's smile  
(Improv'd and heighten'd by my lucid beam)—  
O, he will tell thee, all the radiant gems  
Golconda's mines can yield, can never shed  
So rich a grace o'er all her lovely charms  
As that emitted by my softer ray.

What tho' on God's best works I chiefly wait,  
And light the sweetest gem in mercy's throne,  
Yet poets tell among the herds I'm found,  
And when old Nile leaves Afric's scorching plains,  
With horrid monsters fell (O sad reverse!)  
On direful deeds of carnage I attend!—  
If fabulous those tales, yet hence I gain  
An epithet disgustful, when I rise  
To aid hypocrisy's detested arts.



Now, gentle nymphs, you best can shew my  
pow'rs—  
Strip off this faint disguise, and tell my name.

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*ANNUAL REGISTER*

OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE  
YEAR 1802.

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*(Concluded from page 63.)*

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## JUNE.

**M**. GARNERIN ascended in his balloon from Lord's Cricket-ground: In the immense croud that was collected on the occasion, several fatal accidents and several scenes of outrage took place.

6. The election for London began. The Westminster election also commenced, at which Mr. Graham, an auctioneer, started as candidate.

13. The election for Middlesex began. Sir Francis Burdett started in opposition to Mr. Mainwaring, and was supported by large mobs, collected in different places between London and Brentford.

22. Accounts were received of fresh successes gained by Passwan Oglou over the Turkish troops. Also that the King of Prussia had sent a minister to the Batavian republic, and that the Prince of Orange had renounced all pretensions to the same.

A dreadful accident happened at the Docks in the isle of Dogs: a dam, called the coffre-dam, gave way, by which eight persons, who were at work in the excavation, were instantly killed by the water rushing upon them.

26. Letters from Turin stated that the first consul had annexed Piedmont to France.

The first consul resolved upon resisting the hostile depredations of the Barbary states.

29. The long-contested election for Middlesex terminated, this being the last day on which the polling could, according to act of parliament, go on. The sheriffs declared Mr. Byng and Sir Francis Burdett duly elected. Sir Francis was then conducted to town by an immense cavalcade.

Received accounts from Constantinople of a war being carried on between Russia and Persia.

30. Received an account that the Dey of Algiers had threatened to declare war against all Europe.

Letters from Ancona announce the surrender of that fortress to the papal troops.

#### AUGUST.

3. M. Garnerin, Madame Garnerin, and a Mr. Glassford, ascended in a balloon from Vauxhall Gardens, in the presence of an immense number of spectators.

6. The Dutch government proposed to pass an act of indemnity for all political offences, except that of having borne arms against the republic.

7. Received an account of the conservative senate having passed a decree appointing Bonaparte chief consul for life.

9. A new plan was drawn out for organizing the French republic, by which almost the whole power of the state was placed in the hands of the first consul.

Accounts were received of insurrections attempted among the negro slaves in the southern states of North America.

12 The French Moniteur, received this day, contained a violent charge against certain English

newspapers, particularly the Times; and against the British government.

14. A person named Barret made an unsuccessful attempt to ascend in a balloon from Greenwich.

In consequence of the angry note in the French official paper, charging government with harbouring and encouraging the enemies of France, the funds fell about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and a general rumour prevailed that war would again break out between both countries.

15. The reports that France meditated the partition of Turkey were officially contradicted.

Accounts from the French general, Richepanse, stated, that tranquillity was restored in the island of Guadaloupe.

Received also the account of a treaty having been concluded between France and Russia.

18. Insurrections having broken out in the commune of Bologna, in Italy, the management of the police was given up to the military.

20. Great rejoicings took place at Paris upon the proclamation of the Organic Senatus Consultum.

21. Violent outrages were committed by a large body of working shipwrights and caulkers in the yards of Messrs. Randall and Brents, at Deptford.

24. The officers of Police at Paris entered the coffee-houses and reading-rooms, where they seized every English newspaper they could find, and gave directions that they should not receive any more of them.

25. Accounts were received, that the Prince of Orange had formally renounced the dignity of Stadtholder, and abandoned all claims to his territorial property in Holland.

26. Received the declaration of the first consul and the Emperor of Russia, by which they took up-

on themselves to fix on a plan of indemnities for the Germanic empire.

Received also the account of the French minister, General Lasnes, having departed abruptly from Lisbon.

27. The West India docks, in the Isle of Dogs, were opened amidst a vast assemblage of spectators: and a fine ship, called the Henry Addington, decorated with the colours of all the nations in the world, was admitted into the great bason.

#### SEPTEMBER.

9. Received accounts that the patriots in Switzerland had commenced hostilities against the soi-disant Helvetic government.

10. Received the news of the delivery of Martinique to the French.

12. The Dey of Algiers received an officer, sent by Bonaparte, to demand satisfaction for the insults offered to France; and readily submitted to all the demands made by the first consul.

14. The Gazette announced that the Ottoman Porte had granted the same freedom to English vessels to navigate in the Black Sea, as was allowed to the most favored nations.

15. A dreadful fire happened at Liverpool, which destroyed warehouses and property to the amount of near half a million.

20. Letters from Vienna mention the submission of Passwan Oglou, and of his having received a pardon from the Grand Seignior

21. A suspension of arms took place between the small cantons and the Helvetic government.

M. Garnerin ascended in his balloon from St. George's Parade; and after going up to an amazing height; dropped down by a parachute.

The Emperor Alexander ordered the losses sustained by British subjects, through the embargo laid

on their ships by the late Emperor Paul, to be made good.

33. An arrete of the French government ordered that all proprietors of lands in St. Domingo, who were then in Europe, should immediately return thither, under pain of the lands being sequestrated.

27. Accounts of fresh disturbances in Switzerland.

#### OCTOBER.

1. Accounts from Philadelphia and Baltimore stated, that the infectious fever still continued to rage there.

3. The Helvetic troops were defeated by the patriots under the walls of Berne, from which place the government retreated to Lausanne.

6. A proclamation was published by Bonaparte to the Swiss cantons, in which he told them he was the mediator who should settle all their differences.

12. Mr. Moore, of the secretary of state's office, left town for the continent, on a secret mission.

15. Received accounts of successes gained by the confederate troops in Switzerland.

17. Further accounts stated, that as soon as Bonaparte's proclamation was made known in the Pays de Vaud, the Helvetic army declared that they would not fight against their countrymen at the command of a foreign power, and immediately disbanded themselves.

25. The diet of Schwitz, representing the patriotic cantons, sent a manly and dignified answer to Bonaparte's proclamation.

26. Wm. Codlin, George Easterby, and Wm. McFarlane were tried at the Old Bailey, and capitally convicted of sinking a vessel at sea; of which the first was captain, and the two latter owners, with intent to defraud the underwriters.

## NOVEMBER.

4. Received accounts of the French troops having entered Switzerland.

The celebrated M. De Calonne died at Paris on the 29th of October.

6. General Andreossi, the new French ambassador, arrived in London.

10. G. H. Barlow, Esq. was appointed by the court of directors governor-general of India, to succeed Lord Wellesley.

Mr. Steel, of Catherine-street, Strand, was found barbarously murdered on Hounslow Heath.

14. Received accounts that the diet of Schwitz had dissolved itself, after protesting against the conduct of France.

The first consul took possession of the duchy of Parma.

15. The new parliament met, when Mr. Abbott was again chosen speaker of the house of commons. No business was done for some days but the swearing in of members.

17. Gen. Andreossi was presented at court, and delivered his credentials to the king.

18. Colonel Despard, and several other persons, some of them Irish labourers, and some of them soldiers in the Guards, who had been taken up on the 15th, at a public house at Lambeth, were examined before the privy council on charges of high treason.

Lord Whitworth, ambassador from this country to France, arrived at Paris.

23. His majesty went down to the house of peers, and made a most gracious speech to both houses of parliament; after which some very interesting debates took place, both in the lords and commons.

25. News arrived of very unfavorable accounts being received at Paris from St. Domingo.

All the patriotic leaders in Switzerland were arrested.

27. Captain Codlin, convicted of sinking the brig *Adventure*, off Brighton, was hung at Execution Dock, pursuant to his sentence.

29. Johnson, the noted smuggler, made a most astonishing escape from the Fleet prison.

Colonel Despard, and several of his associates, were committed for trial, on a charge of treason.

#### DECEMBER.

1. The house of commons, in a committee of supply, voted 50,000 seamen for the service of the ensuing year.

2. The vote of 50,000 seamen was strongly opposed in the house of commons.

6. Received an account that Count Stahrenberg, the imperial minister to our court, was ordered to quit Paris in 24 hours.

A petition was presented to the house of commons from Mr. Mainwaring, complaining of the undue election of Sir Francis Burdett for Middlesex, and of the improper conduct of the sheriff on that occasion.

7. Received an account of an affray at Paris, in which several of the conscripts were killed by the military.

Accounts were received of violent earthquakes having taken place in several parts of Turkey and Russia.

10. The minister made a most satisfactory statement of the finances of the ensuing year to the house of commons, without laying on a single new tax.

13. A bill was introduced in the house of commons for appointing commissioners to enquire into

abuses in the naval department. This bill excited a violent opposition.

16. In the commons, a bill was ordered to be brought in for regulating the trade between this country and Malta.

19. Accounts from Constantinople stated, that the Mamelukes had defeated the Turkish troops in several parts of Egypt.

23. Accounts from the United States of America stated, that all infectious distempers had ceased there.

26. Received an account that a detachment of Danish troops had taken possession of a part of the territory of Lubeck.

Received an account of the French colonel Sebastiani having visited Alexandria, and of his intention to inspect the different parts along the Levant.

Received accounts that the Floridas were to be given up to France by Spain.

29. Both houses of parliament adjourned to the 3d of February, 1803.

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### The British Traveller.

NO. 9.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF NAGADI.

BY VIVANT DENON.

*Illustrated by a Copper-plate Engraving.*

**I**N some of our preceding numbers, we have noticed this ingenious traveller, and followed him in many of the most interesting scenes witnessed by him in his late travels in Egypt. This description of NAGADI and its neighbourhood we consider worthy of our notice, and therefore lay it before our readers.



Nagadi or Nacadeh, is one of the largest and richest of the villages seated in the desert, a superiority which results from its lying in the route of the caravans, at an opening of one of the roads from Cosseir to the Nile ; and, consequently from Mecca into Egypt : it contains a considerable number of rich inhabitants who are engaged in the commerce of which it is staple, and in the business of furnishing camels to the caravans which perpetually pass through it ; there are seasons in which from a thousand to twelve hundred of these animals are kept in this village for hire ; and yet this active commerce makes no alteration in its silent appearance : its houses and its soil being of the same colour, it disappears as soon as the vertical sun ceases to cast shadows : a few wells and cisterns decide the choice of a site for this sort of villages : the water which moistens the earth with which they are built, is one of the most precious materials of its fabric : the few women who were sometimes seen seated at the angle of the walls, though veiled, disappeared like hares as soon as they saw one of the French unexpectedly presented himself, and precipitated themselves into the holes which served for doors to the dens in which they were hid : one of the characteristic features of these villages consists in a large number of moes, each of which is a warehouse for the depositing of goods brought across the desert from the Red-sea ; its little constructions with the appearance of jars or tubs are a sort of tables, on which the people feed their camels ; each house is an insulated enclo-

sure, and the spaces between them are the streets, in which the passenger would lose himself, were it not that he can always see his way over the houses : the scale of the height of these will be expressed by saying, that the head of the camel lying in the yard is always seen above their roofs ; the landscape which surrounds these villages is composed of a cloudless sky, burning on an arid soil, without a sign of life in any part of the horizon : one is stifled and incapable of seeing clearly when one is within-doors ; one is broiled and has nothing to see when without.

Our manner of life at this period, continues M. Denon, will be seen in the design : we were extremely happy in finding this melancholy habitation among the tombs of Nagadi, which skreened us from the ardour of almost an insupportable sun : the scene represents the moment in which the arabs of Nagadi arrived with their prisoners, the Meccans, bearing a sort of torches much used in Egypt, in nightly marches ; on the other side are our intendant Copts and interpreters ; in the second group are general Belliard, his etat-major, and myself.

We slept at Balass, the place which gives name to the jars of earth, with which its manufactories supply not only all Egypt, but Syria and the islands of the Archipelago : they have the quality of suffering the water to transude, and thus clarifying and refreshing it : fabricated at little charge, they are capable of being sold so cheaply that they are often used in forming the walls of houses, and that the poorest inhabi-

tant can procure them in abundance : nature has given the material, ready prepared, and close at hand ; this is an heavy, fine, soapy, and compact marl, which needs only to be moistened and kneaded to become malleable and tenacious ; and the vessels into which it is made, turned, dried, and half-baked in the sun, are completed in a few hours, by the action of a little fire of straw : these vessels are fastened together in rafts, of which every traveller into Egypt has spoken : they are thus carried along the banks of the Nile, a part being sold in the progress, and the rest arriving at Rashid and Damiatt, to be exported to foreign countries : “ At Ghennè (or Kenèh) is a manufactory of the best *bardaks*, *cullè*, earthen bottles and jugs for water. They are made of a fine blue or bluish white clay ; very thin and light, not too much baked, of a pretty shape and convenient size. Something of the same kind is made at other places, but none so much esteemed as at Ghenne. The fabric is in few hands ; but great numbers are made. They sell for double the price at Kahira which they fetch here. Large jars are also constructed, which are called *hamâm*, or bath. These two are very elegantly formed, and both by filtration purify and cool the water, in a greater degree than might be imagined.”—*Brown's Travels*, p. 149. I have found the same jars, in the same forms, applied to the same purposes and mounted on the same tripods, in the hieroglyphical paintings, and in the illuminations on the manuscripts.

The mountains whence the primary matter of these vessels is taken are formed of very soft argillaceous rock, which the water decomposes, and with which it is kneaded at the same time that it is moistened; its fatty and sandy particles are perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it is wanted; it is easily turned; it is then dried in the shade, afterwards in the sun, and lastly, half-baked, by a momentary exposure to a fire of straw. These vessels are actually a cheaper material for house and wall building than brick.

It is the spongy nature of this earth that causes the transudation of the water it is made to contain, and which gives it a motion that brings the muddy part to the inside coat of the vessel; and this circumstance, together with that of the exterior part being always wet with the transudation, causes the atmosphere to come so little in contact with the vase, that the water becomes almost as cool as by the use of ice, of which Egypt is wholly deprived, by the want of high mountains, and by the mildness of its winters. At the neck of the bardaks, which are applied to the mouth, there are little gratings which prevent the arrival of the water in too great abundance. They are often performed by fumigations of benjamin, or other aromatics, or with orange-flower water, which, in other respects, on coming out of these vessels, is the best that exists in the world. In my travels among the environs of Kenh, I have been frequently at Ballass: I have seen the manufacture, and the immense lading put upon the vessels, or formed

into rafts composed of the pots themselves, like our rafts of wood, that are floated to the places for which they are designed.

The form of the bardak and ballasses is in very good taste ; having been constantly in general and necessary use, these utensils have retained a chaste model. I have made a remark, that every thing which is of the first necessity, in a country where the arts have at any time existed, preserves its form, through constant imitation.

The egyptian utensils in iron are quite of another class ; these consist of plates, dishes, stew-pans, for boiling meat or soup, and the lid of which, being turned, becomes an hollow dish : I have seen a utensil of similar contrivance among the bowls called etruscan : the next is a boiler, which is used on all occasions requiring hot water, as rice, meat, coffee, &c. and a cup for drinking every thing that is not pure water.

Among the articles of luxury may be mentioned a sort of waiter for presenting a dish of coffee with ceremony to a personage to whom it is desired to show a peculiar respect : this waiter is of silver or gold, and even sometimes adorned with gems : no saucer is used in the east, but, that the cup may not burn the hand, this, which is porcelain, is put into a kind of second cup, which is of silver or gold, and elaborately pierced : another is an aspersor, with which rose-water is thrown on those whom it is intended to treat hospitably after a repast, or at the end of a visit, when it is intended to give or take leave ; a third is an ewe-

er and its bowl, intended for washing the hands and face before dining, and after a repast, and in general when any thing is touched : the bowl has a double bottom, pierced with holes, through which the water passes, thus taking away from the second person that employed by the first, and concealing from the sight the water that has been used : a fourth is a profumator, and its plate ; this opens in the middle, and is used to burn aloes-wood, benjamin, or compound pastils, upon charcoal : great profumators, of two or three feet in height, are constantly in the centre of the room ; the smaller ones are carried round, and each throws the fume upon his beard or his clothes. This superfluity, of which we were not hitherto informed, is adapted to nations who seek enjoyments free from motion, who gravely ponder on their sensations, who do not love to speak, and who find in these sort of customs an additional civility to offer those whom they would treat and distinguish : it is slaves that move ; a gesture of the hand suffices for doing honors, so that in a visit of interest or respect, sweetmeats, sherbet, coffee, the permanent pipe, rose-water, and perfumes, nearly fill up the time, especially with the addition of a few adages, as *You look well,—God is great, most great*, and some others, that do not require more words : they separate without any strong desire to meet again ; each finds at home the ineffable happiness of being at his ease, of having nothing to do, of enjoying repose. This effeminacy, so mild in appearance, is nevertheless the source

of all the vices with which the oriental character is disfigured ; it is to arrive at this beloved end, that it is rapacious, selfish, avaricious, cruel, tyrannical, atrocious.

Seated in the shade, with his pipe, his coffee, his cat, his birds, and his children, the oriental is surrounded with all he loves : he is teased but never wearied by the children, of whom he is fond to idolatry : happy were it, if amidst enjoyments thus gentle, he became good and virtuous, and if he were without haughtiness and indolence, which inspire him with selfishness, and spoil all his good qualities.

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### FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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#### PARIS.

THE fashion of dressing the head in hair only, begins to cease. White satin turbans, in some instances silvered, are generally worn. The *toque*-caps, now fashionable, are Polonese, of white or rose-coloured satin, high and flat, edged with fur, swandown, or white crape. A sort of round cap, suiting the form of the head, but somewhat larger, and of white or rose-coloured satin, is much worn. White and rose are the colours universally preferred by high and low. Edgings of swandown are still the most fashionable. Some wear them even on their capots. The brim of the capot is still turned up ; which makes it appear larger.—Neither coloured feathers nor flowers are now worn. The hair on the forehead is still worn in ring-curls. The ringlets frequently hang on both sides of the ears.

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

## THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, Jan. 29, a new comedy, entitled *Hear both Sides*, written by Mr. Holcroft, was performed for the first time. The characters are as follow:—

Fairfax, .....	Mr. Downton.
Headlong, .....	Mr. C. Kemble.
Transit, .....	Mr. Bannister.
Sir Ralph Aspen, .....	Mr. Suett.
Melford, .....	Mr. Raymond.
Steward, .....	Mr. Wroughton.
Quillett, .....	Mr. Cherry.
Bailiff, .....	Mr. Wewitzer.



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Gregory, .....	Mr. Collins.
Major Tennis, .....	Mr. Caulfield:
Sir Luke Lostall, ....	Mr. Webbe.
Mr. Backland, .....	Mr. Purser.
Master of the Hotel, ..	Mr. Maddox.
Robert, .....	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Waiters. Clerks, &c.	

Caroline, .....	Mrs. Pope.
Eliza, .....	Mrs. Jordan.

The hero of the play (Headlong) is a gay young man of fashion, who is almost ruined through dissipation, and whom, on account of his extravagance, his uncle threatens to disinherit. The nephew, having spent all his fortune, is obliged to reside abroad: Fairfax, his friend, informs him by a letter that his uncle is dying, and remits him money to insure his speedy return; but Headlong, having in the interim become enamoured of a young lady, (Caroline Melford) whom he met at a masquerade, delays his return to England; and on his return to England, (at which period the action of the play commences) he finds his uncle has left Fairfax his sole heir. The character of his friend is now suspected, and this suspicion encreases with every scene till towards the conclusion, when it appears that Fairfax had consented to become the old man's heir, for the pleasure of restoring to the nephew, (whom he loved from a child) his forfeited estate; the recovery of which rouses Headlong to a sense of his follies, and a determination of forsaking

them. With this story is connected a little underplot.

This play, which had not sufficient incident and interest enough for a five act comedy, was entirely indebted to the exertions of the performers for the favorable reception which it met : but notwithstanding its *boasted* merit (for *some* critics held it in high esteem) it had not sufficient attraction for even *nine nights*, and thus the public attested their opinion of its deficiencies. The character of Fairfax the author has borrowed from his own and first comedy of *Duplicity*, but so far from having improved it, that to *hear both sides* we must give the preference to his former comedy.

On Monday the 19th, an Historical Play, with music, called *The Hero of the North*, written by Mr. Dimond, jun. was presented for the first time—the following are the characters :

Gustavus Vasa, . . . .	Mr. Pope.
Casimir Rubenski . . .	Mr. Wroughton.
Carlowitz . . . . .	Mr. Raymond.
Ufo . . . . .	Mr. De Camp.
Brennomar . . . . .	Mr. Caulfield.
Sigismond of Calmar . .	Mr. Kelly.
Gabriel . . . . .	Mr. Dowton.
Marcoff . . . . .	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Iwan . . . . .	Mr. Sedgwick.
Vilitzki . . . . .	Mr. Fisher.
Nydorff . . . . .	Mr. Grimaldi.
Basilstern . . . . .	Mr. Gibbons.
Santa Michelwin . . .	Mrs. Harlowe.
Frederica Rubenski . .	Mrs. Mountain.

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Paulina .....	Miss Menage.
Alexa .....	Mrs. Bland.
Ulrica .....	Miss Tyrer.

Scene—Dalecarlia, a remote Province of Sweden.

Time—The early part of the Sixteenth Century.

From the name of the hero, Gustavus Vasa, the reader will readily anticipate the story— suffice it therefore to say, that the subject of this piece, is nearly similar to Mr. Brooke's *prohibited* tragedy of Gustavus Vasa, but it is written in the style of the Iron-Chest, interspersed with music, which has been happily compiled and composed by Mr. Kelly. The historical scenes are in general well managed, but the language is more descriptive than pathetic. The scenery was admirably picturesque and appropriate— We must, however, agree with a diurnal critic, who says that *one* line of Mr. Brooke's tragedy was worth all the acts of the Hero of the North. Some of the scenes were heavy, but by judicious curtailment, they were rendered more tolerable on the succeeding nights.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

THE only novelty at this theatre has been the *entree* of a Mr. Caulfield, in the character of Hamlet, which arduous part he has repeated two or three times since with some applause. This Gentleman has been one of the *pic-nic* society, and, we understand, the hero of their theatre.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

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THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

A BALLAD.

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**O** THINK on one, whose artless woe  
Flows not from fancy or from fiction,  
For, ah ! my lot has been to know  
The depths of sorrow and affliction.  
My sorrows daily multiply,  
And thus, till life's short journey ceases,  
Compel me day by day to cry,  
"Come buy my young spring water-cresses."

My father once in humble ease,  
His peaceful family protected,  
And fortune smil'd, till pale disease  
Combin'd with losses unexpected ;  
'Twas then, with want and sickness worn,  
His constitution broke to pieces,  
He died ! and left me here to mourn,  
And cry my young spring water-cresses.

My mother then work'd hard for bread,  
Till age and pain her strength impeded ;  
But ev'ry comfort then was fled,  
And ev'ry woe as soon succeeded :

And now, to sad distress a prey,  
 Her mis'ry ev'ry day increases,  
 And I am forc'd from home to stray,  
 To cry my young spring water-cresses.

Let then a hapless wand'rer's tale  
 To pity's bosom gain admittance :  
 O let the tears of woe prevail,  
 And grant, O grant the scanty pittance !  
 So shall my heart, till life's last close  
 My anguish'd breast from pain releases,  
 Still throb with gratitude for those  
 Who buy my young spring water-cresses.

Islington,  
 Feb. 16, 1803.

JACQUES.

### AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE!

*The following excellent Song, written in the year 1703, may prove amusing to many of our readers. The Hundred Years being almost completed, the sentiments come home to the feelings with full effect.*

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and re-  
 joice,  
 With claret, canary—theorboe and voice :  
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,  
 And all pleasure is ended—when we are in dust :  
 In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,  
 For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,  
 That mouse-trap of honor, and make-game of fate,  
 For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,  
 He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx ;

His plot against death's but a slender pretence—  
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years  
hence?

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,  
And kills with each glance as she treads on the  
ground,

Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,  
As if none but the stars were fit to attend her;  
Although she is pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
She will be very mouldy a hundred years hence.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to  
fear,

Calls up all his spirits when danger is near:  
He labours and fights great honor to gain,  
And hardly thinks it will ever remain;  
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence  
To flourish his standard an hundred years hence.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,  
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,  
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,  
Yet knows not what a harvest the autumn will  
bring,

Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with  
pence,

He'll ne'er reach the market an hundred years  
hence.

The rich bawling lawyer, who by fools' wrangling  
strife,

Can spin out a suit to the end of a life,  
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,  
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for  
his knavery,

Tho' he casts off his cunning, and brags of his  
sense,

He'll be *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

The plush-coated quack, who his fees to enlarge,  
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;  
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,  
By his puffs, and his pills, and the ruin of health;  
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense—  
He'll be turn'd into mummy an hundred years hence.

The meagre-chop'd usurer who in hundreds gets  
twenty,  
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,  
Lays up for a season he never will see,  
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three.  
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his  
rents,  
For a worm-eaten coffin an hundred years hence.

The learn'd divine, with all his pretensions  
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions,  
Who lives by the tithe of other folks' labour,  
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favor;  
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,  
Knows not what will come of him an hundred  
years hence.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,  
And scorns any subject but heroes and kings,  
Must to the caprices of fortune submit,  
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit.  
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning,  
and sense,  
Must all come to nothing an hundred years hence.

Why should we turmoil thus in cares and in fears,  
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears;  
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,  
And to drive away sorrow while vigor is lasting,  
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from  
thence  
Have brats to succeed us an hundred years hence.

The true hearted mason who acts on the square,  
And lives within compass by rules that are fair;  
Whilst honor and conscience approve all his deeds,  
As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,  
With friendship and love, discretion and sense,  
Leaves a pattern for brothers an hundred years  
hence.

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### LYRIC ADDRESS TO DR. JENNER.

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD.

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1.

REJOICE, rejoice, humanity !  
The fell, destructive, sore disease,  
The pest of ages, now can be  
Repell'd with safety and with ease.

2.

He well deserves his country's meed  
By whom the peerless blessing came ;  
And thousands from destruction freed,  
Shall raptur'd speak of JENNER's name.

3.

Yes, JENNER's vigilance is crown'd;  
A sovereign antidote is given ;  
The blessing flows the nations round—  
Free he diffus'd the gift of Heaven.

4.

So well approv'd its sure effect,  
To turn aside th' impending harm ;  
And shall parental love neglect  
To minister the precious balm ?



5.

Oh, no—beware of dire delay,  
 Ye who caress your infants dear,  
 Defer it not from day to day,  
 From month to month, from year to year.

6.

Lest you, like me, too late lament,  
 Your life bereft of all its joy;  
 Clasp now the gift so kindly sent,  
 Lest you behold your dying boy!

7.

Lest you see with trembling fear,  
 With inexpressible distress,  
 The purple spots of death appear,  
 To blast your hopes of happiness!

8.

Lest your keenest grief to wake,  
 Like mine, your suffering prattler say,  
 "Go, bid my father come and take  
 These frightful spots and sores away!"

9.

Quickly from such fears be free—  
 Oh, there is danger in delay!  
 Say not to-morrow it shall be:  
 To-morrow! no—to-day, to-day.

10.

Embrace the blessing Heaven hath sent,  
 So shall you ne'er such pangs endure:  
 Oh, give a trifle to prevent  
 What you would give a world to cure!

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## Literary Review.

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*Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds; by Bernard de Fontenelle, one of the Forty belonging to the French Academy, and Secretary to the Academy of Sciences. With Notes, and a critical Account of the Author's Writings, by Jerome de la Lande, Senior Director of the Observatory at Paris. Small 8vo. 4s. boards. Hurst and Ostell.*

THE superior literary attainments of Fontenelle have been long known, and his productions have been long admired, more particularly his "Plurality of Worlds." It would be unnecessary for us to pass an eulogium on the merits of the work before us, after what has already been said by men of the first class in literature. The editor, in his preface to the present edition, thus speaks:—

"When Voltaire published, in 1738, his *Essays on the Elements of Newton*, he began with these words: 'Here is no marchioness, no imaginary philosophy.' It was supposed that he here alluded to Fontenelle; this he contradicts by saying—'So far from having his book in view, I publicly declare that I consider it one of the best works that ever were written.'—(Mem. de Trublet, p. 135.)

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“ This book has been printed a hundred times ; the handsome edition of Fontenelle’s works, in folio, published at the Hague in 1728,\* with figures by Pickart ; the still more beautiful edition of the Worlds alone, edited by Didot the younger, in 1797, in folio, are master-pieces of typography ; but in them nothing is found but the original work : therefore I consider our edition far preferable.”

La Lande, by whom the interesting notes are written, ranks high among the French astronomers of the present day. He has rendered this work still more valuable, by explaining certain dubious positions, and rendering them familiar to the common understanding.

Of the translation we must observe, that it meets our highest approbation ; the diction is remarkably free and pleasing, and is particularly calculated for the perusal of the fair sex, to whom we earnestly recommend it as an interesting and agreeable companion. It appears to us in an English dress from the pen of Miss Gunning, executed in the highest style of typographical elegance, and enriched with a fine portrait of the author.

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That edition does not contain the account of the bees, which is in the present edition.

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*A Dictionary of the Wonders of Nature ; translated principally from the Works of A. S. S. Delafond, Professor of Physic at Bourges ; with considerable Additions from original Manuscripts, including every important Phenomenon in Nature, Philosophically explained, forming the most curious Collection of the Wonders of Nature ever published. 5s. Hurst.*

IN an age like the present, when NATURE is scrutinised in all her operations, we feel happy in meeting with a volume which contains so much information on so pleasing a subject. The WONDERS OF NATURE may be pronounced, without exaggeration, *truly wonderful*. The reader then will find in these pages a fund of particulars gratifying to his curiosity.—The author has ransacked the philosophic productions of modern times with success. Nor will the perusal of this work merely excite astonishment—it will conduce to improvement. The heads of Parr, Alice (an American black), Henry Jenkins, the savage of Aveyron, and Peter the wild boy, are well executed, and form a suitable embellishment to the publication.

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*A Voyage in the Indian Ocean and to Bengal, undertaken in the Years 1789 and 90. To which is added, a Voyage in the Red Sea, including a Description of Mocha, with the Trade of the Arabs, &c. Translated from the French of L. De Grandpre, an Officer in the French Army. With Engravings, and a View of the Citadel of Calcutta. 8vo. Robinsons.*

OUR trade to the East Indies forms an immense source of emolument to this commercial

country. It is also remarkable, that this region of the globe has been known to furnish treasures to the rest of the world, even in the early ages of antiquity : we take up every publication, therefore, which refers to it with avidity ; and we must say, that in the present instance we have been gratified. The volumes abound with interesting particulars. The productions, soil, climate, and inhabitants pass before our eyes, and by a perspicuous and impressive detail administer to our instruction and entertainment.

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*Calista, or a Picture of Modern Life, a Poem, in three Parts. By Luke Booker, L. L. D. 4to, Button and Son.*

THAT among the moderns, as well, as among the ancients, vice exists in a lamentable extent, will not be denied. Dr. Booker, known by his *Malvern Hills*, and other poems has attentively marked the present state of society, and his knowledge is here conveyed in figurative and animated language for the purposes of reformation. The neglect of duties in high life is severely satirised, and he holds up an awful example of human misery resulting from conjugal infidelity. The opening of the poem is impressive :—

Who but a parent can a parent's joy  
Conceive, when to her breast, devoid of guile,  
Caress'd, caressing, clings her darling boy,  
And owns his mother with a dimpling smile ?  
The tear of rapture in her eye the while  
Glistening : thus o'er the brilliant star of even

Transparent oft are seen the new-born dew's of  
Heav'n.

This rapture, O each happy pair, is yours,  
Who with congenial virtues fondly trace  
The paths of wedded love—whose flame endure,  
Tho' evanescent, ev'ry youthful grace  
Fly from the form and fade upon the face,  
Lo! in thy blooming progeny is view'd  
Each grace that once was yours with added  
charms renew'd.

Many similar stanzas occur, and the poem is favorable to the interests of society.

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*The War Office, a Novel.* By Miss Gunning, author of *The Packet—Farmer's Boy*, &c. &c. In three volumes. 12s. Jones

THE *war-office* in times of PEACE! Surely it is necessary we should have done with every thing relating to hostility—happily scenes of desolation and slaughter are no more! But let not the reader be alarmed—here nothing will be found to injure his benevolent feelings—for the incidents detailed are calculated to confirm and augment our love of humanity. The story on the whole, is well conducted, and its tendency favourable to the interests of the rising generation.

There are some young persons, particularly females, who cannot be induced to look into a publication which comes not under the rank of novels. To such we recommend this caution—that they should always endeavour to avoid trash, and to peruse those few novels which will ensure their improvement.

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*An Essay on War, in Blank Verse—Honington Green, a Ballad—The Culprit, an Elegy—and other Poems on various Subjects. By Nathaniel Bloomfield. Small 8vo.*

ANOTHER *Bloomfield* arises from the shades of obscurity, introduced by Mr. Capel Loft to the acquaintance of the public, and, of course, a candidate for fame, which has been assigned his brother with such justness and propriety. "He is a master tailor, in a small way, and lives at present at No. 19, Dagget-court, Moorfields. He is married, and has two children now living, having lost three by the small-pox. He is in his 44th year, five feet three inches high, of a dark complexion, and dark grey eyes; he has lost the hair from the top of his head, which gives him the appearance of age. Though remarkable for talking little, so as to have the name of a man of few words, he is, on occasion, a cheerful companion, and though generally pensive and melancholy, ever kind-hearted." These particulars respecting the poet are transcribed for the gratification of our readers' curiosity.

As to the poems themselves, we are to recollect the situation in which they have been written; for on this account they are entitled to our admiration. The *Essay on War* has many fine passages, and even some approaching to sublimity. He touches with felicity on the leading hostile features by which the history, both natural and civil, of our globe stands characterised. But upon the *sad necessity* of WAR

we are by no means agreed ; for, with Mr. Capel Loft, we indulge the hope and expectation, that war shall one day be universally and finally extinguished. We are not of opinion that excess of population calls for the aid of human butchers to check it. Hostilities cannot, on both sides, be just. One party must be the aggressor, whatever specious pleas may be alledged to blind the eyes of mankind. This spirit of contest, however, shall be annihilated by the triumphs of christianity.

The other pieces in the volume are perfectly unexceptionable as to sentiment, and possess much beauty. *Honington Green*, which breathes the most amiable filial affection, and *Love's Triumph*, replete with tender sentiment, are exquisite in their kind—whilst the *Proverbs of Threescore*, addressed to *Eighteen*, and the *Address to Dr. Jenner on Vaccine Inoculation*, could not fail to meet our approbation.

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### *Retrospect of the Political World*

FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

AT home the public has been chiefly occupied with the trial of Colonel Despard and his associates. High treason is a crime of that magnitude, that the most awful punishment is attached to it, and, indeed, its success involves a long train of those evils which peculiarly afflict society. The present business is altogether astonishing ; for, according to the evi-



dence given in a court of justice, and on which the accused were convicted and executed—here are a handful of mens without influence, money, or arms, attempting a revolution by means the most atrocious, and after a manner so open and incautious, that it has hurled upon their own heads instantaneous destruction!

As part of the late treasonable conspiracy was meant to destroy his majesty, congratulatory addresses have been voted on his safety by both houses of parliament; similar addresses also will probably be presented from most public bodies in the united kingdom.

France has of late offered few things worthy of attention. Bonaparte seems to be doing every thing to confirm and perpetuate the power which he has so strangely acquired. In the Court of King's Bench he has obtained a verdict in his favor against Peltier; so that being now our beloved ally and good friend, we must be tender of his reputation. His pure and immaculate character must now be contemplated by us with a profound admiration.

### MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

2. **A** DREADFUL fire broke out at Mr. Hamilton's printing office, which seemed for the time to threaten the destruction of the whole neighbourhood. The damage done was very considerable. A number of important works were there in different stages of progress, which have been all destroyed.

7. and 8. Colonel Despard and his associates tried separately. The trials were long and tedious, but ended in their conviction, except one or two, against whom there was no evidence, who were accordingly dismissed. The court was wonderfully crowded, and every thing was conducted with the utmost order and regularity.

9. A numerous and respectable meeting, at the Shakespeare Tavern, of the Governors and Friends of the Vaccine Institution, founded in December, 1789, when many important resolutions were made concerning the diffusion of the Vaccine Inoculation.

11. The neighbourhood of the Poultry alarmed by a loud explosion, occasioned by the bursting of a still in the laboratory of Messrs. Hanrott, Burkitt, and Co. chemists. The furnace being overheated, the head of the still flew off with the most violent explosion. The noise and smoke drew a prodigious crowd of people, with several fire engines, but no injury ensued.

12. Mr. Shears, an Irish gentleman, who had just arrived at Cheltenham, shot himself; he had just before been attending his wife at her toilet, and seemed perfectly well. The event, therefore, was wholly unexpected.

16. A message sent down by the King to the House of Commons, relative to the debts of the Prince of Wales, which, of course, are now in the way of being speedily adjusted.

17. A meeting is held at the London Tavern, of the Royal Jennerian Society (the first beginning of which was mentioned in our last),

and it is gratifying to find that an institution, that has for its object nothing less than the extirpation of that dreadful malady the small-pox, should be patronised by all the branches, male and female of the royal family.

18. A lady proceeding to Wandsworth, was accosted by a beggar, who implored alms of her; but while the lady was examining her purse to relieve the miscreant, he suddenly snatched it out of her hand, and ran off, without being apprehended. Such a scandalous deed will not, it is hoped, make the cold hand of charity still colder to the real sons of poverty. This audacious mendicant, however, is deserving of severe punishment.

21. Colonel Despard, and six of his associates, executed with circumstances of peculiar solemnity. We refer to the interesting article of their execution, contained in the present number of our miscellany.

22. Copious debates in the House of Commons respecting the continuation, for a further time, of the restriction of the cash payments at the Bank. Its propriety and impropriety were warmly canvassed, but its restriction was agreed to be continued.

23. Debates in the House of Commons respecting the debts of the Prince of Wales, in consequence of his majesty's message: Means, therefore, are taking, by which the pecuniary difficulties of his situation shall be obviated,

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## MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

**J. ALLEN**, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, tailor. **Francis Allen**, Pall Mall, milliner. **W. Ashton**, Hull, brandy merchant. **H. Howarth Atkinson**, York, shopkeeper. **J. Barnard**, jun. Bedford, corn factor. **T. Berger**, Cockspur-street, hatter and hosier. **J. Boorman**, Headcorn, Kent, timber merchant. **J. Boyes**, Wellclose-square, wine merchant. **Bright**, Inner Temple-lane, stationer. **S. Bruce**, Oldham, Lancaster, dealer. **S. Burnett**, Petersfield, Hants, victualler. **G. Calton**, Sheffield, linen draper. **W. Clancy**, Waterford, Ireland. **W. Clifton**, Hull, brandy merchant. **C. Cole**, Drury-lane, victualler. **J. Coleman**, Fetter-lane, painter. **W. Collyer**, Pulox Hill, Beds, horse dealer. **J. Cooke**, Manchester, manufacturer. **J. Corbett**, Milk-street, warehouseman. **T. Dennison**, Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant. **M. and W. Dorvell**, shopkeepers. **L. Duhamel**, Liverpool, merchant. **J. G. Durner**, Liverpool, merchant. **J. Bitton Emerson**, Gloucester, brass and spelter maker. **S. Eyres**, Manchester, corn dealer. **J. P. Fearon**, Upper Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, dealer. **M. T. Brinsyard Gabbittas**, Suffolk, farmer. **J. Garwood**, Royston, Herts, victualler. **W. Gibbs**, Box, Wiltshire, miller. **A. Girling**, Hackney-road, shoemaker. **E. Green**, Charles-street, Soho, man's mercer. **G. Hewitt**, Shipton Lee, Buckinghamshire, dairy-man. **R. Hindley**, Salford, Lancashire, wine merchant. **D. Holdbrow and Co.** Odland-mill, Gloucester, dealers. **J. Hook**, Bermondsey, leather dresser. **J. Hopwood**, Worcester, glove seller. **T. Horrocks**, Rippondale, York, bleacher. **M. Hughes**, Hackney, milkman. **W. Hull**, Upper Boddington, Northampton, and **L. Hull**, of Banbury, cow dealers. **F. Jackson**, Ba-

singhall-street, factor. J. Jackson, Oxford-street, linen draper. J. Janson, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton manufacturer. J. Jeffery, Bristol, cutler. J. Jones, Penmaon, Carnarvonshire, drover. W. Joyce and W. Bachelor, Bristol, silversmiths. P. Le Souef, Great Winchester-street, merchant. S. N. May, Great St. Helens, merchant. J. Midkiff, Liverpool, merchant. G. Miller, Bodmin, vintner. W. Watchet Mitchell, Somerset, clothier. H. Nimms, Bristol, merchant. J. Parkes, Birmingham, plater. J. Passman, Doncaster, machine maker. L. Pinnington, Warrington, Lancashire, corn dealer. R. C. Porter, Hull, ironmonger. E. Presgrave, Spalding, Lincolnshire, merchant. T. Prickett, Warwick-court, Holborn, money scrivener. M. Quayle, Liverpool, merchant. T. Richardson and T. Worthington, Manchester, merchants. J. Richardson, Manchester, cotton spinner. W. Rogers, Dipley Mill, Hants, miller and malster. E. Sadler, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, widow, grocer. E. G. Simpson, Roll's Buildings, taylor. W. Smith, Monkwearmouthshore, Durham, ship builder. T. Spence, Blackburn, Lancashire. W. Spence, Upper Catton, Yorkshire, cornfactor. L. Staples, Wapping, Staffordshire warehouseman. J. and H. Taylor, Cowley, Gainsborough, merchants. J. Teesdale, jun. Boston, merchant. J. Thomas, Chester, maltster. W. Thompson, jun. Wolverhampton. E. Toy, Plymouth Dock, draper. J. Wagner, Lower Tooting, calico-printer. J. Warren, Sandy's-street, London, weaver. L. Wickens, St. Clement's Church-yard, haberdasher. J. G. Williams, Marshall-street, London Road, Surrey, merchant. W. Wood, Liverpool, flour dealer. T. Wright, Leeds, merchant. J. Wright, Manchester, cotton spinner. D. Wroughton, Little Alne, Warwickshire, flax dresser.

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REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND  
DEATHS IN FEBRUARY, 1803.

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BIRTH.

ON Monday the 7th, at Mulgrave Castle, the Right Hon. Lady Mulgrave, of a daughter.



MARRIAGES.

ON the Jan. 20th. at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Major-General Gent, to Miss Temple Finch.

Lately by special licence, at the Earl of Jersey's, in Stratford-place, by the Rev. Egerton Robert Neve, John Ponsonby, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Fanny Villiers.

Lately, in the Isle of Wight, J. P. Murray, Esq. M. P. for Yarmouth, only son of the late Hon. General J. Murray, to Miss Ruthworth, eldest daughter of E. Ruthworth, Esq. of Freshwater-house, and grand-daughter of Lord Holmes.

Lately, at Bishopwearmouth Church, Mr. Humphrey, of Ryhopo. The bride was churched, and the child christened at the same time : the attendants were the jolliest company that has appeared there on such an occasion this some time. The bride, bridegroom, and four attendants, weigh upwards of 100 stone, 14lb. to the stone, which will nearly average 17 stone each.

On the 21st of June last, at Borneo, in the East Indies, Thomas Hunter, Esq. (son of Mr.

William Hunter, late of Beccles) to Lady Honoria Pelham, an heiress in possession of 100,000*l*.



## DEATHS.

ON the 20th. ult. Margaret Clergue, ci-devant member of the convent of St. Claire, in the city of Toulouse, at the age of 106. She had been confined to her bed for many years, and for the last two years totally deaf. Her hair had continued till the day of her death of the finest jet black, and scarcely a wrinkle deformed her countenance. She had been a perfect beauty in her youth.

Lately, in Austria, at the age of 103, a man who served under Prince Eugene, in all his campaigns, in the regiment which bore the name of that great General. He subsisted afterwards by his exertions as a day-labourer, untill the age of 97, and died at last without having been afflicted with sickness or pain.

Lately at Vaies, near Groningen, in the advanced age of 103 years, two months, and seven days, a Jewess named Madelina Marcus, born in the neighbourhood of Cologne. In the course of her life she had been delivered of fifteen children; and, to the latest moments of her existence, she retained the full use of all her faculties.

A few weeks since, Mrs. Flaley, a widow lady, of the Lodge near Wellington, at the great age of 103. But a very few months before her death, her sight was so strong as to see to pick

up a small pin from the ground ; and her hearing so perfect, as to comprehend the sense of every thing that was said to her. Her latter days were devoted to prayer and meditation : and her last breath was resigned with a serenity, which seems the inseparable reward of a devoted and holy life. This lady's own daughter being near seventy, and her son-in-law fourscore and two, their joint ages, a little before her death, amounted to 254 years.

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### To Correspondents.

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WE are sorry that the length of the article relating to Col. Despard obliges us to postpone several articles.

ANTIQUARIUS's communication has come to hand ; we are happy to receive it—articles of this description we consider as very desirable, and shall insert it in our next number.

We have received several articles, which are too late for insertion this month.

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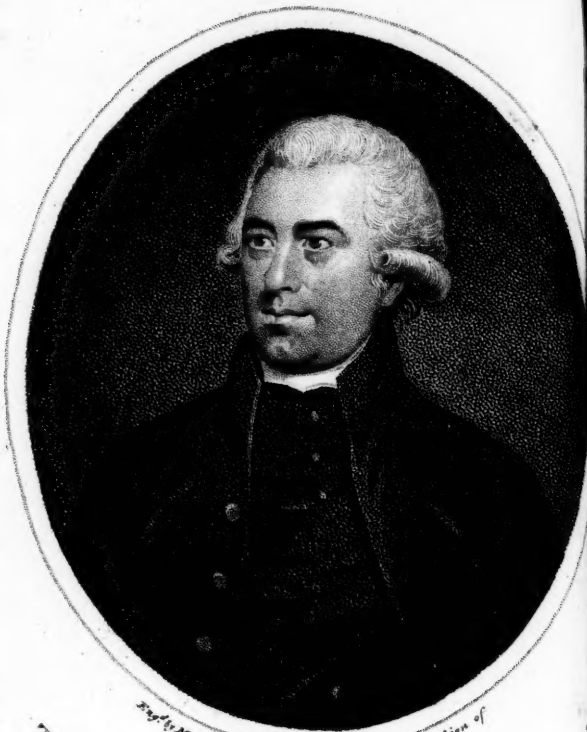
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*Engr'd by Mackenzie, from an original Picture in the possession of  
M. Gurchahore, M.D.F.R.S.*

THE R.<sup>t</sup> HON. SIR JOSEPH BANKS BART  
*President of the Royal Society. &c &c.*